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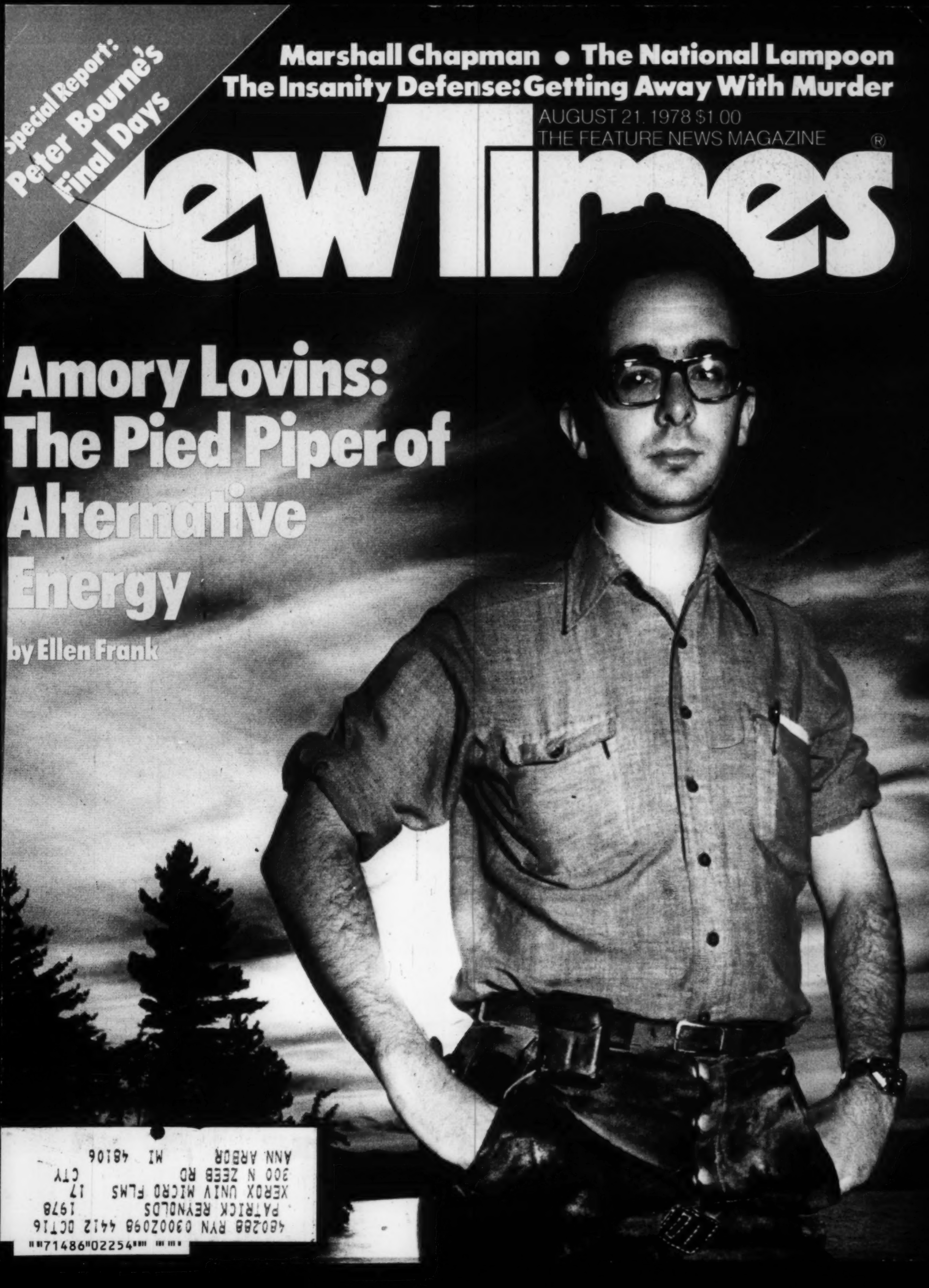

Amory Lovins: The Pied Piper of Alternative Energy

by Ellen Frank

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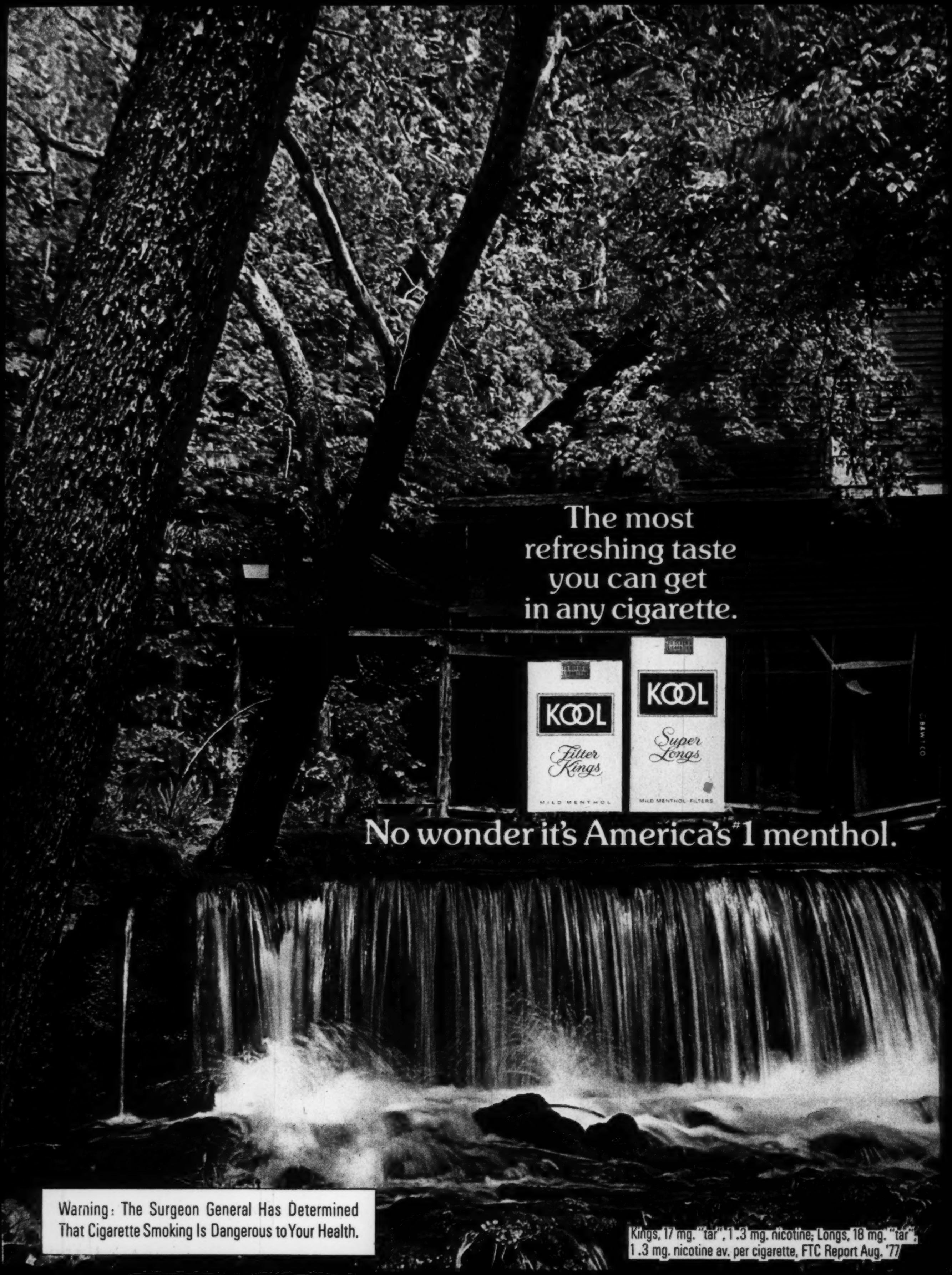
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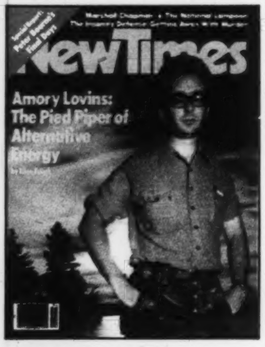

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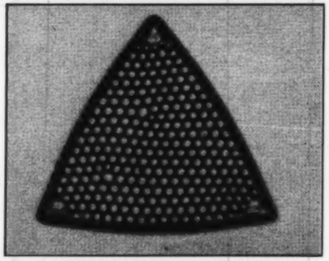

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Sports/by Scott Kaufer

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

When Old-Timers' Day rolls around each year at Yankee Stadium, sportswriters use the occasion to bemoan the changes baseball has undergone since the days of Ruth and DiMaggio. What they seldom mention is that sportswriting has changed, too—and not for the better.

In the days before radio and TV, the scribes stayed in the press box when a game ended, pounding out vivid accounts of the action. They seldom ventured into the locker rooms to interview players; their readers wanted to know what had occurred on the field, not what some tobacco-chewing leftfielder made of it all.

Now, thanks to the evening news, readers not only know the game's outcome before the morning paper arrives, but often have seen its highlights. For writing stiffs, this has led to the ritual of the postgame interview, in which they seek to give readers the one thing they haven't already heard: answers to such probing questions as, "How do you feel about giving up that game-winning home run?" Granny Rice's profession has fallen on hard times.

But this approach occasionally yields a great story, or what passes for one—and in the week preceding Old-Timer's Day this year, reporters had already been given one of the best yarns in recent memory: the forced resignation of Yankee manager Billy Martin after he vilified his boss George Steinbrenner before reporters in Chicago. (Typically, the story had nothing to do with the game itself.)

Now, as the Old-Timers ceremony begins down on the field, there is fresh fodder for those covering the nonsporting life. As Yankee president Al Rosen is introduced and jogs out in his old Cleveland Indians uniform to join the other old-timers near third base, the crowd greets him with a tornado of boos. He is seen as the man who did Steinbrenner's dirty work and forced Billy Martin out. Rosen smiles and tips his cap; the fans respond by rocking the stadium with a chant of "We Want Billy!"

In the visitors' dugout opposite third base, Bob Lemon fidgets. He is the new manager of the Yankees, the man who replaced Billy Martin. If they boo Al Rosen this way, what will they do to Lemon when he comes running out in *his* old Cleveland uniform? Sensing Lemon's distress, Gene Mauch puts his arm around his friend's shoulders as the two men stand on the top step of the dugout. Gene Mauch is manager of the Minnesota Twins, and his team is waiting in a dugout clogged with old-timers for the regular game to start. As Mauch and Lemon gaze out at the field, there are more introductions —and then someone tells Bob Lemon, "You're next."

Lemon turns to Mauch. "Get ready for this shit. Whew!"

The PA announcer is reeling off Lemon's impressive pitching statistics, although he hasn't yet mentioned his name. "Two hundred and seven victories . . . " the announcer booms.

"That ain't gonna help a fuckin' bit," Lemon says, looking at the restless crowd.

" . . . A warm welcome for BOB LEMON!"

He trots gamely onto the field despite the tidal wave of boos. And then comes a surprise announcement, made simultaneously on the scoreboard and over the PA system: Lemon will manage the team through 1979 and become general manager in 1980. More boos. The announcer pleads for the crowd's attention. He has something else to say. "The manager of the Yankees for the 1980 season," he begins—a hush falls over the stadium—"and hopefully for many years after that, will be Number One . . . "

An incredulous, incredible roar drowns out Billy Martin's name. It doesn't build to a crescendo, but begins at fever pitch, the way canned laughter and applause do on TV. Billy Martin comes running out of the Yankee dugout opposite first base, waving his hat and grinning. He throws his arms around Yogi Berra. For the next seven minutes—*seven minutes*—46,000 fans stand and cheer. In the visitors' dugout, Gene Mauch is transfixed. He has been a major league manager for 19 seasons, longer than anyone now in the game, but he has never seen anything like this. When it finally ends, Mauch turns to his nephew Roy Smalley, the Twins' shortstop, and says, "That was *amazing*. P.T. Barnum was an amateur."

Like Mauch, Joe DiMaggio has heard his share of ovations. Gay Talese once wrote of Marilyn Monroe returning from a tour of American bases in Korea and telling husband DiMaggio, "It was so wonderful, Joe. You never heard such cheering."

"Yes I have," said Joe.

Now, as DiMaggio changes back into his street clothes after the ceremony on the field, someone asks if he has ever witnessed an ovation like the one Martin has just received.

"No, never have," DiMaggio says. "Seven minutes." He shakes his head. "That was fantastic. I'm trying to figure it out."

But it is Reggie Jackson's reaction that reporters are most anxious to get. So a few hours later, after the Yankees beat the Twins in a contest that seems merely an intrusion on the game of managerial musical chairs, the reporters race in a pack to the clubhouse and surround Jackson at his locker. He is sitting on a stool drinking a bottle of Lowenbrau and slowly undressing.

"We won, seven to three," Jackson says. "That's all I know."

"Reggie, what about Billy coming back in 1980?" someone asks.

"I don't have any comment on that. I'm *tired* of all the bullshit, you know?"

"How do you feel about your two hits today?"

"Very good."

"Are you in the groove now, you think you're ready to go, to carry us?"

"I don't know. I'm not gonna carry *you*."

"How about the fan reaction, Reg?" He had been booed.

"I didn't notice anything today," Jackson says sarcastically. "You?"

"I think they booed you until you got a coupla hits, and then they responded."

"Right," says Jackson wearily. "I just hope that someone is capable of *analyzing* the situation and putting it in print. I've got nothing else to say about anything."

"Looking forward to 1980, Reggie?" a reporter needles.

Jackson sighs in silent exasperation.

"You want to be in New York?"

"Well, it has been really exciting here lately, hasn't it?" Jackson says. "Been just *thrilling* for me the last year and a half, you know? Been just *wonderful*."

"It's been exciting wherever you've been."

Another taunt, but Jackson resists the bait. He stands up, naked now, and heads for the showers. The reporters leave to write their stories. ●

Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

ANDY YOUNG WAS RIGHT

By no means was U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young the first high U.S. official in this decade to speak of "political prisoners" in America. New York Republican Senator Charles Goodell publicly called the Berrigan brothers political prisoners back in 1970; the ensuing flap was every bit as frenzied as that which followed Young's recent statement that there were "hundreds, perhaps even thousands" of political prisoners in U.S. jails.

After he lost his Senate seat, in part because of just such impolitic statements, Goodell wrote a book called *Political Prisoners in America*. Even the idea "seems so alien to America," he observed—"the very images it evokes are distinctly foreign: a consumptive Russian author, perhaps." But what Goodell found was overwhelming evidence that political repression was a constant in American history—and that it was continuing, as government prosecuted and persecuted civil rights and antiwar protesters.

Goodell told as well of political prisoners less celebrated than the Berrigans or black leaders such as King and Andy Young, who himself had been imprisoned three times. There were, for instance, the antiwar activists who, after setting up a coffeehouse for soldiers in Columbia, South Carolina, were convicted of maintaining a "public nuisance" and sentenced to six years in jail. In his book, Goodell concluded that large numbers of "civil disobedients and victims of repression . . . are political prisoners in America."

In the five years since Goodell's study, the incidence of political arrests and trials in the U.S. has declined with the end of the Vietnam War, the reaction against Nixon's various vendettas, and the ebbing of national protest movements. But even in today's more passive America, political prisoners are still with us. Amnesty International, winner of the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize, now lists eight American "prisoners of conscience," and it only has begun investigating the issue in this country.

The London-based organization could hardly help but notice the Wilmington Ten, nine blacks and one white, all civil rights activists, convicted of arson on the basis of perjured, bribed and bought testimony. (Five of the ten have been paroled.) Another group of blacks, the Dawson Five, were faced with a Georgia death sentence until the charges were dropped in the face of a national reaction against a coerced confession and the racism of the small town in which they were being tried.

One of the best-known antiwar dissidents has become one of the movement's least-publicized victims. Philip Berrigan has spent half of the past decade in jail; last February and April, he and five other residents of a pacifist community in Baltimore prayed at the Pentagon, then poured blood on its porch and several pillars—not so different from the offense of Vladimir Slepak, who "defaced public property" by unfurling a protest banner from a Moscow balcony. For their bloodletting, the six Americans were given sentences of six months to a year.

Some argue that so-called political prisoners in America are in fact often guilty of breaking one law or another. They are right, but at the same time the law can and does serve as a convenient cover for political repression in many nations. The Soviets have no offense on the books labeled "dissent"; the Brezhnev regime, instead, accused Anatoly Shcharansky of espionage—and in circumstances strikingly similar to the Carter Administration's prosecution of David Truong (see box pg. 7). Bull Connor didn't charge sixties civil rights demonstrators in Birmingham with seeking their freedom but with disturbing the peace.

Although publicly Jimmy Carter denies the existence of U.S. political prisoners, his own Justice Department is conducting a special investigation into nonfederal prosecutions that appear suspiciously political, including those of the Wilmington Ten. Today, estimates Wes Michaelson of *Sojourners*, the leading journal of the evangelical Christian left, "There are several hundred prisoners of conscience in American jails."

But Andy Young spoke not merely of hundreds but "perhaps even thousands." There are several kinds of political prisoners, he argues. Many Americans are in prison, he believes, "much more because they are poor than because they are bad." Though this notion is widely scorned as liberal mush, statistics seem to bear it out. Blacks make up 11 percent of the national population, but 40 percent of federal inmates are black; Hispanics, who account for just 5 percent of our total population, make up 15 percent of our prisoners. Either minorities are born with inherent criminal proclivities—and even Strom Thurmond is no longer prepared to suggest that—or they are in jail more than others because our social and political systems offer them less. As Vice President Hubert Humphrey said of black slum uprisings (in a remark criticized almost as furiously as Young's is now), "If I lived like that, I think I'd riot, too."

The current trend in American crime and punishment is toward more prisons, longer sentences and the death penalty. Yet the U.S. already incarcerates three times as many of its own citizens as England, twelve times as many as the Netherlands. The new, even harder line will hit minorities hardest. In effect, America's criminal justice system is guilty of apartheid. Forty-seven percent of all those on death rows are black. One of them, Johnny Harris of Alabama, has become a favorite Soviet example of human rights violations in the U.S.

In the Harris case, *Newsweek* argued that the punishment involved racial prejudice rather than political views. But it is a slim distinction indeed between the anti-Semitism of the KGB, which the State Department so vigorously decries, and the racism of American police, prosecutors, judges and juries. And it affects more than arrests and imprisonment. In 1947 and again in 1961, presidential commissions reported a pattern of police violence against minorities. The Civil Rights Commission is now conducting a new survey of police brutality, and there's no reason to think it will find that much has improved.

The Carter Administration's record on human rights is disappointing. Not only is the Administration enforcing CIA contracts depriving former employees of freedom of speech, but additional federal agencies are now requiring such contracts as a condition of employment. Over at Justice, Griffin Bell's wiretap bill would permit broader surveillance than even the Ford Administration advocated. And the President's crime bill would create new offenses involving protests and demonstrations, and, according to the

American Civil Liberties Union, include "an overbroad conspiracy law." At the end of Carter's first year in office, the ACLU concluded that he had "not shown the commitment to freedom for American citizens that we are entitled to expect from a president who put human rights on the world's agenda."

Even abroad, U.S. selectivity undermines the credibility of Carter's crusade for human rights. It is the Soviet Union which draws the most intense fire from the Administration on this issue (even at the risk of sacrificing SALT); but other nations, friendlier to the U.S., whose records of political repression are at least as bad as the U.S.S.R.'s, receive at worst token rebukes—along with continuing aid, arms and American capital:

- The Phillipines, which has approximately the same ratio of political prisoners as the Soviet Union, remains a favored U.S. trading partner.
- Iran, where political repression is a way of life, already has acquired $18 billion worth of U.S. weapons to help protect the Shah from his enemies inside and out.
- Argentina has an estimated 100 political prisoners per 100,000 citizens, compared to 4 per 100,000 in the Soviet Union. Last year the Carter Administration cut off military aid to Argentina, but what the dictatorship critically needs and still gets are American goods and dollars; the Administration is restricting nonmilitary exports to the Ruskies but not to the junta in Buenos Aires.

"All of this reinforces the Kremlin's suspicion that the human rights campaign is a Cold War tactic," suggests one State Department official; "in fact, the campaign probably has worsened the plight of Soviet dissidents. After all, how would we react if Brezhnev sent a letter to the Wilmington Ten?"

Andy Young's offense isn't so much that he equated American and Soviet injustices. "In a certain sense, Andy is absolutely right," a White House insider says, "but the problem has nothing to do with whether the statement is right or wrong. It cuts the legs out from under Carter." In short, Young's mistake was to point out that the emperor has frayed clothes.

That bit of truth-telling did not enhance his standing within the Administration, but Young is too well acquainted, first-hand, with our national imperfections to pretend that he doesn't see them now. And maybe he can be pardoned a comment on the distance between American ideals and American reality. He is, after all, the only Cabinet member who's ever been to jail for a principle instead of a bribe or a burglary. ●

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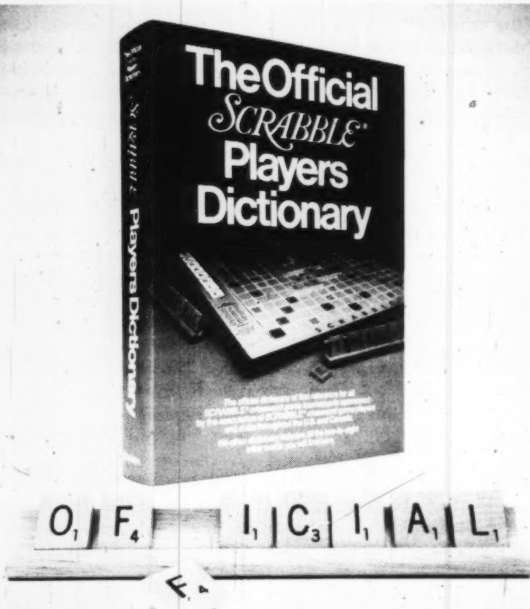

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U.S. & U.S.S.R. Trials: Separate but Equal

For two weeks in July, the trial and sentencing of Anatoly Shcharansky commanded the attention of the Western press. The young spokesman for Russia's would-be emigrés was charged with spying for the CIA, an accusation vehemently denied by President Carter. Shcharansky was virtually unknown to Westerners before his prosecution, but was a sophisticated and effective activist in his own country. The treason charge against him seemed based on his attempts to bring "refuseniks" together with Western journalists; it was this blatantly political use of Soviet espionage statutes against him that brought attention to his plight in the West.

The case was not unlike another that passed relatively unnoticed in this country. Just three days before Shcharansky's trial began in Moscow, a Virginia judge sentenced David Truong, a Vietnamese graduate student living in Washington D.C., and his codefendant, Ronald Humphrey, to 15 years in prison for a similar charge of espionage. (See *New Times* 4/17/78.) The parallels between the two cases are worth noting. Here, too, the defendant was an unknown but capable activist; and here, too, the severity of the sentence was meant as a clear warning to government bureaucrats and activists: that leaking "secret" information, regardless of its insignificance to foreign powers, is still a significant crime.

David Truong	**Anatoly Shcharansky**
Surveillance of David Truong begins in 1976. It includes warrantless electronic bugging of his apartment.	Surveillance of Anatoly Shcharansky begins in 1974.
David Truong is arrested on January 31, 1978, on the allegation that he is spying for the Vietnamese. Resulting charges: • espionage • conspiracy to commit espionage • conspiracy to commit any offense against the U.S. • stealing U.S. property • failing to register as an agent • unauthorized possession of documents relating to the national defense	Anatoly Shcharansky is arrested on March 15, 1977, on the allegation that he is spying for the U.S. Resulting charges: • espionage • treason • anti-Soviet agitation
Trial begins on May 7, 1978. After 12 days and 39 witnesses, Truong is convicted of espionage and other charges. Sentence: 15 years	Trial begins on July 10, 1978. After five days and 21 witnesses, Shcharansky is convicted of espionage and other charges. Sentence: 13 years
When 32-year-old Truong is arrested, he is an economics student, living modestly in Washington, D.C. and working for the normalization of relations between Vietnam and the United States. He is an unofficial intermediary, floating proposals to representatives of both countries. His work brings him into contact with American senators and congressmen, Vietnamese communist officials, American businessmen and journalists.	When 30-year-old Shcharansky is arrested, he is a computer specialist living modestly in Moscow and working for the liberalization of emigration policies in the Soviet Union. He is an unofficial intermediary, bringing Western correspondents and diplomats together with Jewish activists. His work brings him into contact with American diplomats, Soviet officials, representatives of Western Zionist organizations and journalists.
Before his arrest, a double agent claims that Truong asked her to carry documents to Vietnamese officials in Paris. At his trial, testimony is given that these were classified documents passed on to Truong by former USIA analyst Ronald Humphrey. Humphrey had removed the markings from the documents before giving them to Truong, and it is never established whether Truong knew their classification when he accepted them from Humphrey. The documents turn out to be mostly low-level State Department cables, including a list of French flights from Saigon during the month of March, and a memo from the American Embassy in Bangkok about a conversation with the Australian ambassador to Hanoi.	Before his arrest, a double agent claims that Shcharansky conspired with newsmen and Jewish diplomats from the U.S. to gather information for the CIA. At his trial, testimony is given that he was "the main connecting link between pro-Zionist persons and foreign correspondents." Among other charges, he is alleged to have given to Robert Toth, former Moscow correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times* , a list of names and work addresses of Russians whose emigration requests had been denied on the grounds that their jobs involved state secrets. (In doing so, he may have inadvertantly given Toth the names of secret Soviet defense plants and research institutes officially listed as civilian establishments.)
Truong's statement to the court maintains that he is not a spy: "My mind is totally at peace."	Shcharansky's statement to the court maintains that he is not a spy: "I am happy that I lived honestly, in peace with my conscience."

Photographs: Wide World.

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ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Cooking With Gas. Last March, in our cover story "Microwaves, The Ultimate Air Pollution" (*NT* 3/6/78), we reported that sales of microwave ovens were booming, despite doubts about their safety among some scientists. (Under federal regulations, ovens are allowed to leak an amount of radiation that some researchers call hazardous. And there are ovens that leak considerably more than this federally sanctioned amount.) Now, *Business Week* magazine has conducted a spot check of retailers in twelve metropolitan areas and reports "a widespread drop in consumer interest that may spell longer-range trouble for microwave ovens." Retailers attribute the lag in sales to high prices, a confusing array of brands and models, the impression that the ovens are too complex to operate—and fear about microwave radiation.

Addendum Erratum. If you live in Boston, maybe you already know that Red Sox pitcher Bill Lee gave up six *unearned* runs in losing to Toronto earlier this year, not six *earned* runs as reported in this column; maybe, too, you know that the host of *Woman '78*, a New England television show, is Sharon King, not Pam King as she was called in our recent story about Fran Lebowitz. Apologies to all.

Kicking the Habit. In a story printed in our May 29 issue, Daniel Zwerdling reported that more and more U.S. farmers are growing crops organically in an attempt to avoid soil erosion and other problems that can result from using chemical pesticides. Now China's Hsinhua news agency reports that the Chinese, too, are taking steps to kick the petrochemical habit. Over the last year, China has doubled its use of birds, wasps and other insect-eaters as part of a massive campaign of "biological pest control." (For a report on a promising organic pesticide, see page 28.)

I think that I shall n'er recall/A poem lovely as a mall. In our May 1 cover story, William Kowinski reported on the ever-increasing malling of America. We hadn't seen much written about the subject before Kowinski's piece, but apparently he wasn't alone in pondering the ubiquitous mall. We've come across the following poem, written in 1975 by Joyce Carol Oates:

DREAMING AMERICA

When the two-lane highway was widened
the animals retreated.
Skunks, racoons, rabbits—even their small corpses
disappeared from the road—transformed into rags
then into designs
then into stains
then nothing.

When the highway was linked to another
then to another
six lanes then nine then twelve rose
sweeping to the horizon
along measured white lines.
The polled Herefords were sold.
When the cornfields were bulldozed
the farmhouses at their edges turned into shanties;
the outbuildings fell.

When the fields were paved over
Frisch's Big Boy rose seventy-five feet in the air.
The *Sunoco* and *Texaco* and *Gulf* signs competed
on hundred-foot stilts
like eyeballs on stalks
white optic-nerves
miraculous.
Illuminated at night.

Where the useless stretch of trees lay
an orange sphere like a golf ball
announces the Shopping Mall, open
for Thursday evening shopping.
There, tonight, droves of teenagers hunt
one another, alert on a memorized pavement.

Where did the country go?—cry the travellers, soaring
past. *Where did the country go*?—ask the strangers.
The teenagers never ask.

Where horses gazed in a dream that had no history,
tonight a thirteen-year-old girl stands dreaming
into the window of Levitz's Record Shop.
We drive past, in a hurry. We disappear.
We return.

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WIDE WORLD

Midge Costanza resigned last week but, Jimmy Carter may announce that she'll return to manage the White House for the 1980 season. Whether or not she said of the President and his former Drug adviser, Peter Bourne, "They deserve each other. One's a born liar and the other's unprescripted," is still in question.

The Insider

O'Neill Pal Turns White House Into Employment Placement Service

Robert Griffin has been a close friend of Speaker Tip O'Neill's from time immemorial, and has been at the General Services Administration for nearly that long: 29 years. July 27, when he was told he had to switch positions, it caused one of the grand teetering traumas of the precarious Carter Administration.

Griffin, deputy administrator—and a powerful one—held a strong turf inside the GSA. Jack Eckard—who had been GSA administrator under Gerald Ford—had done good work: When Jimmy Carter took over the government, he asked Eckard to stay on. (Carter's motives were not entirely apolitical: Florida Democratic Senators Lawton Childs and Richard Stone supported the reappointment, certain that if Eckard were let loose he'd come home to run for governor.) Speaker Tip O'Neill, a man whom the President can refuse very little, asked that his old friend Griffin be named deputy administrator. But Eckard told Carter that if Griffin were to be named, it would make reform difficult, thanks to Griffin's clubhouse cronyism.

President Carter told Eckard that he was sorry, but Bob Griffin would just have to be deputy administrator. Eckard resigned. Dipping back into the barrel, the President chose a new GSA head, Jay Solomon, a shopping center developer from Tennessee (and relative of Robert Lipshutz).

Solomon did nicely: He named the GSA's first minority group regional administrators, said no to a request for telephone listening equipment for federal offices, and named Vincent Alto special counsel to investigate corruption in GSA. Alto told Solomon that if he were to get any reform work accomplished, he'd have to weed out Robert Griffin. Solomon told Carter that, strongly implying he'd have to quit if he didn't get his reform work done. Carter finally acceded and agreed to get rid of Griffin. And then—disaster upon disaster—Tip O'Neill read it (before he was told) in the *Washington Post*. Needless to say, relations between the Speaker of the House and the Executive Branch have not soared recently. Vice President Mondale is now personally in charge of finding Robert Griffin a new, acceptable position in the government. And Jack Eckard is running for governor of Florida, as a Republican. ●

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

The greatest gift: House Appropriations Committee Chairman George Mahon, (D.-Texas) was pleased. Due to retire this year at the age of 77, after 44 years in Congress, the Texas grandee has just watched his committee approve a $119.4 billion defense spending bill—including a nuclear carrier the Carter Administration didn't even want. He described the bill as "an antiwar appropriation bill." He said that it was both "appalling and exciting" for the United States to spend $120 billion on defense when the nation is at peace. He was glad to point out that the bill provided $29 billion for the Army, $33 billion for the Air Force, $41 billion for the Navy and $5 billion for the Reserves. "Nobody's shortchanged with that kind of appropriations," Mahon exulted. ●

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Mr. Tolerance: Ronald Reagan is persisting in his effort to develop a moderate image; he has not endorsed the California ballot initiative to fire homosexual teachers. He says it isn't needed and that it threatens civil liberties. Is this *our* boy? He recently noted in an interview that, as governor, he had been responsible for initiating conjugal visits at state prisons, and that his administration increased the minimum income level subject to state taxes from $2 000-$8,000 a year: Ronald *Delano* Reagan, for chrissakes. Finally, Reagan is now calling publicly on California landlords and businesses to pass on Proposition 13 tax savings to renters and consumers. A fine sentiment. ●

Indian bummer

Visiting Indians Play Senators But Camp in Polo Grounds

When the Longest Walk Indians—2,800—came to Washington to speak their grievances and push bills in Congress which would guarantee them their land and water rights, they had trouble finding a place to camp. An early suggestion put them in the reflecting pool area across from the Lincoln Memorial, where the Poor Peoples' March had set stakes, but they were told that it was now a park for ghetto residents. Perplexed (it's miles from any ghetto), some trooped over to look the ghetto site over and found that there's a sign there: "Polo—Sundays, 4:00 p.m." Wishing to leave those happy ghetto folks to their Polo, the Indians accepted a site at Green Belt, Maryland—with a visible, token camp on the Ellipse near the Washington Monument. Part of this visible camp was set aside for a spiritual spot where the older Indians chanted and prayed and held services. After two days at this downtown camp, they had to move because the smog was so bad the elderly Indians couldn't breathe. ●

JAMES ABOUREZK

Indians: Left ponies home

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The Insider

Special Report

BOURNE VS STROUP, PART II:

ONE'S KO'D, THE OTHER'S REELING

Though the President once described Peter Bourne as "about the closest friend I have in the world," it comes as no surprise that the doctor fell so far so fast. In his brief 18 months at the White House, he succeeded in alienating the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), Secretary of HEW Joseph Califano, Surgeon General Julius Richmond, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, and — with a strange importance — NORML's Keith Stroup who effectively blackmailed Bourne and is now consequently on the ropes himself.

But it was not that possibly fraudulent prescription for 15 Quaaludes that did Bourne in. What toppled Bourne were the reports that he had participated in a cocaine session, in the presence of *Washington Post* newshounds, at a NORML party. And behind those cocaine revelations is the story of Peter Bourne's involvement with yet a third drug: marijuana, specifically, Mexican marijuana sprayed with paraquat.

Many in Washington waited for the affable but abrasive Dr. Bourne to make a mistake, and he didn't let them down: He crossed America's 16 million marijuana smokers and their lobbyists, his old friends at NORML. By defending the poisoning of pot (and then privately *challenging* NORML to present the White House with anyone who'd been harmed by it), Peter Bourne made himself paraquat's first casualty.

When Peter Bourne first smoked marijuana in Vietnam, he discovered the "killer weed" did not, as thirty years of government propaganda would have it, make him crazy. When he worked in Dr. David Smith's Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic during San Francisco's 1967 Summer of Love, he treated those who suffered serious drug-related complaints—from heroin, LSD, ups and downs; not particularly from marijuana. Shortly after he returned to his adopted Georgia home, Governor Jimmy Carter appointed him a health adviser.

After unsuccessfully promoting a Carter vice presidency slot at the 1972 convention, Bourne became assistant director of the Nixon White House Office for Drug Abuse Prevention. In 1974, he quit to tout Jimmy Carter once again, for which he was rewarded with a $51,000-a-year job as Carter's White House drug adviser. Bourne had, by this time, acquired impressive liberal credentials, and soon was proposing the banning of barbiturates outside of hospital use, legalization of marijuana for cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy, and decriminalization of marijuana possession for those caught with an ounce or less.

But Jimmy Carter had inherited a drug eradication program in Mexico, and the State Department was giving Mexico almost $15 million a year to spray both marijuana and opium poppy fields with herbicides. Poppies were doused with 2, 4-D, a slow-acting poison that makes a plant grow itself to death, but marijuana was being sprayed with Gramoxone, a European paraquat product—the only herbicide that, when ingested, races to the lungs and, usually within two weeks, kills its victim.

Peter Bourne knew virtually nothing of the dangers of paraquat in December 1976, when at the annual NORML convention—as a friend of the marijuana lobby—he was asked about it after a speech. In February 1977, a few weeks after Bourne joined the Carter White House, Keith Stroup presented his agenda of four or five drug priorities. Paraquat was at the top.

In May 1977, Dr. Bourne decided to authorize testing of paraquat-sprayed marijuana to determine if there was, as NORML and Senate investigators had suggested, a real health issue. It was to be his last liberal stand. Soon he attempted to justify the policy with strange diversionary arguments: "If we have a responsibility to protect people from paraquat," he asked, "shouldn't we also discourage people from marijuana smoking in general? And if you're concerned about paraquat, shouldn't you also be concerned about providing clean heroin?" He tried to pass off the sprayings as a Mexican decision: "It's interesting that those who screamed about American imperialism in the past, are now eager for us to intervene in a domestic Mexican situation." He gave advice to worried smokers: "If the risk exists, the guy has the option not to smoke the grass to begin with."

LARRY SCHOTT

Stroup: High on tactics

This March, NORML sued four government agencies to suspend U.S. funding. Though the White House was not named in the suit, there was, if possible, more antipathy between NORML and Dr. Bourne at that time than between NORML and the State Department creators of aerial eradication. For in February, Bourne aide Bob Angarola had sent Keith Stroup a letter criticizing Stroup's conduct as head of NORML. (Insider—August 7). Fighting for his political life, armed with an *intimate* knowledge of recreational drug use by White House higher-ups—particularly Peter Bourne—Stroup unveiled a threat to Mathea Falco, the State Department's director for International Narcotics Control Matters: "My constituents know I do drugs. Do Peter's know that he does?" The message was clear: Resolve the problems Angarola's letter had created within NORML, or be prepared to meet the press. A few days later, Bourne told Stroup that everything would be taken care of. It was—so much so that when Stroup was asked in recent months about that incident at the NORML party, he lied for Peter Bourne three times, claiming each time that the incident never happened.

(Stroup's convenient relationship with Bourne had previously been helpful. In a letter dated January 25, 1978, Bourne wrote to the Provincial Court of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, recommending leniency for Stroup who faced charges there for possession of marijuana. "I have also had the opportunity to work with Mr. Stroup on a number of other matters of drug-related policy," Bourne declared on his personal stationery, "and I have always found his conduct to meet the highest standards of professionalism." He went on to ask the court "that Mr. Stroup be accorded whatever diversion programs are appropriate in this instance . . .")

In June, a U.S. district court judge ruled against NORML. Senator Charles Percy, ranking minority member of the investigations subcommittee (overseer of the DEA), decided to act: In July, when the security assistance bill came up, he said he would introduce a rider to tie up any funds that supported marijuana spraying.

By July, Peter Bourne was sounding like a Nixonian hard-liner, and his drug policies were taking on a Nixonian cast: To the amazement of the Defense Department, he revived a discredited proposal to force random urinalysis tests on American servicemen in Europe as a means of identifying drug users. So as the crucial Senate session drew closer, Keith Stroup decided he'd better talk with Bourne.

It was a week before Bourne resigned. "'Look, we're in a fight here, Peter,'" Stroup remembers saying. "'Do you want to move? *Can* you move? 'Cause if you can't, let me know and we'll go on lobbing grenades, but we won't try to kill you.' And he said, 'I can't come out and officially endorse Percy's amendment, but if there are Senators wavering, you can have them call me and I'll tell them—unofficially—that the White House has no problem with Percy.'"

It was then, Stroup continues, that Bourne "started double dealing all to hell." State's Mathea Falco—decriminization leader Birch Bayh's former legislative aide—called Bayh's current aide to build an opposition to the Percy rider. Three other senators, contacted by Falco, started parroting the same line: Mexico's decision to add a red dye to paraquat (to alert smokers that their pot was poisoned) was good enough. Senator Dennis DeConcini (D.—Ariz.), who had agreed to co-sign a letter asking President Carter to declare a moratorium on funding, was beginning to hedge. And aides to Senator Alan Cranston of California, whose state has many bilateral interests with Mexico, were originally indicating that NORML would have to prove red dye was not the breakthrough Bourne and Falco had publicly claimed it to be.

The following Wednesday, Jimmy Carter woke up to find Peter Bourne's troubles with "Sarah Brown's" Quaalude prescription—about which, until that moment, he had heard nothing—on the front page of the *Washington Post*.

Bourne hung it on reporters and witch hunting "hardliners in the DEA." "If you know the way DEA works," says Stuart Statler, Chief Minority Counsel of the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations, "[you understand that] DEA has no repository for those records, no resources and no staff to deal with those prescriptions. There was no way in the world a prescription written for Ellen Metsky would have been discovered."

After the revelations about Bourne's cocaine episode, the good doctor's finger-pointing at the drug use of other White House staffers and the press seemed justified. The double standard was very much in evidence: *Post* and Jack Anderson's reporters, had known for *seven months* that the White House drug doctor had at least compromised himself at a NORML party. And there were certainly reporters—particularly those Young Turks who were flailing Bourne now with such religious zeal—who served, on many occasions, as *de facto* dealers for White House heavies who were not so dumb as to frequent streetcorner dope peddlers.

Keith Stroup is not known as, dollar for dollar, the best lobbyist in Washington for nothing. The Washington press corps was aware that *New Times* (Insider, August 7) would report that NORML had more or less blackmailed Bourne about his recreational drug use. And Stroup's refusal to deny the reports of Bourne's cocaine snorting—which Stroup himself characterized as "significant"—meant the marijuana constituency had formally broken with Peter Bourne.

"Peter Bourne," said Keith Stroup, "was indeed a victim of paraquat—and there'll be more victims if Carter doesn't change his policy. This was a power play, a recognition that in the long run, you can't go against the constituency you claim." Part of Stroup's confidence stemmed from his new contact in the White House. "I care more," Stroup says enigmatically, "about my friendship with Chip Carter than I do about my professional relationship with Peter Bourne."

Yet the marijuana constituency was threatening to break with Keith Stroup—the John L. Lewis of their movement—despite his political agility. His methods and statements during the Bourne incident had betrayed a harshness which confused the hard-nosed with the unethical. Disapproving phone calls piling up at NORML, his support within the lobby shaking, Keith Stroup told us last week he was seriously considering resigning. ●

CARRIE BORETZ

Bourne: Hit by hardball

WIDE WORLD

Back to money belts

L.A. Woman Sues Cob-Nosed Actor For Ruined Trip

Arlene Ring of Los Angeles, furious because she says American Express Company took a full month to refund her lost travelers checks, has filed suit against American Express and Karl Malden, charging the incident ruined her South American vacation.

Arlene Ring is asking for over $1 million in damages for "fraud, emotional distress and breach of contract." According to her attorney, Arnold Kessler, Malden is included in the suit because of his much publicized quote, "Don't leave home with out them." American Express promises refunds usually on the same day as the loss.

Ring's attorney explained that she lost some $1,400 in checks last summer in Quito, Equador, and was stranded in the country for a month while American Express processed the claim. Although she was given $370 in emergency funds, American Express "told her that they weren't sure when her money would be issued." Kessler said that Ring had planned the trip "for three years," and that she "was forced to cancel travel plans" while in Equador.

"In this case, I hope my client will end up owning American Express," he said. "Maybe she can shape them up."

Karl Malden has refused comment on the case, claiming he's yet to be served with the suit, but his Beverly Hills agent said that the actor will "absolutely" continue his commercials.

—Paul Grabowicz

The Insider

Woims, etc.

Jack Jones and Many Big Celebrities Eat Worms

PHYLLIS HERFIELD

California's beautiful people are going underground for their latest organic food: Worms. Hollywood society, led by crooner Jack Jones, is eating worms. Worms.

"Birds sing well after eating worms, so why not?" asks Jones. Worms. He likes the worms in his quiche. Worms.

A recent earthworm recipe contest sponsored by the North American Bait Farms of Ontario, California, which received 4,700 worm entries all the way from Bangor, Maine, to Banning, California, may indicate national illness. The winner was pizza aux ver de terre, which one Angeleno told us makes "the best pizza I've ever tasted in L.A." Worms. *—Joel Kotkin and Juliette McGrew*

Sacramento, Mon Amour

State of the Rising Son Courts Land of the Rising Sun

The little emperor, Jerry Brown, has decided to let the Japanese come into the economy of the land of the rising sun, California. Shying from the wavering Eastern business establishment, Brown is strengthening his ties with the Japanese corporate state, seeking the necessary billions of dollars to keep his national economy booming. A most humane Mikado.

Already, Dick King, Brown's new international trade representative, is talking enthusiastically about joining Japan's "coprosperity sphere" (a strange choice of words—the same ones Tojo used to call *his* empire). King is urging Brown to further cut his Eastern economic ties and enter into a California-Japanese alliance. "We are the third biggest nation in the Pacific [after Japan and the U.S.]," says King. "They already see us as a national market, we don't have to rely on the East anymore."

Japanese ownership of California business is rising at a rate of 10 percent a year, according to Japanese sources, including heavy investment in the computer industry in Santa Clara, where young Japanese technologists and businessmen are now running recently purchased U.S. firms.

Brown is even considering forming his own "Pacific Rim Council"—a compact meeting of nations which would include California, Japan and Australia, says Brown adviser Wilson Clark.

"What do we care what happens to Pittsburgh?" one Brown economic adviser said recently. For that matter, Brown doesn't seem to be concerned whether his solo-flight economic secessionist policy is in the national interest or not. Banking sources in Los Angeles have told us that Brown policies seemed aimed at severing his state's links with Eastern financial and industrial markets in favor of the Japanese. "We have an internationalist idea," says Brown legal counsel Tony Kline. "I think nationalism is a reactionary force anyway." *—Joel Kotkin*

WIDE WORLD

Jerry does business: Imperialism comes home

I can get it for you wholesale

Knesset Member Said Bargaining With Soviets for Prisoners

For a while it appeared that Knesset member Shmuel Flatto-Sharon was no more than a bad joke. Flatto-Sharon sought a seat explicitly in order to enjoy immunity from extradition back to France, where he was wanted by police on a host of charges involving millions of dollars. Although his legal difficulties with the French government are in the process of being settled (he has reportedly convinced authorities to accept payment of a $2 million fine in return for dropping charges against him), he remains a loner in the Knesset, shunned by government and opposition alike. Neither the fact that he speaks virtually no Hebrew and is, therefore, accompanied at all times by an interpreter nor charges in a widely read news magazine that he bought votes (Sharon is suing) have helped him attain respectability.

But if his colleagues refuse to take this millionaire-politician seriously, it now appears that there are those outside of Israel who do, notably in Washington, D.C., and in Moscow. A representative of Flatto-Sharon was successful, last April, in arranging a three-way prisoner swap with East German lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, a man considered to speak authoritatively for the KGB and the Soviet government on prisoner-exchange issues. The April deal, which also involved Congressman Benjamin Gilman (R.-N.Y.), brought about the release of Alan Van Norman, an American student imprisoned in East Germany for trying to smuggle a family into the West; Miron Marcus, an Israeli pilot held in Mozambique; and Robert Thompson, a Soviet spy arrested in the United States.

The success of the negotiations in April seem to have encouraged Sharon to bid for even higher stakes. Since July 10, a Russian-speaking Israeli, Vivienne Rubin, has been in Moscow as his personal representative. He claims to be spending $1,000 per day on telephone calls to her. She apparently is engaged in top-level discussions with Soviet authorities on a new exchange involving 20 "prisoners of Zion" still held by the KGB (several have been released and permitted to emigrate), and the East German spies Gunther and Christel Guillaume. And possibly Anatoly Scharansky. It is likely that the State Department and the CIA have given their stamp of approval to the activities of Flatto-Sharon's emmissary, judging from the April episode and from the seriousness with which she is being treated in Moscow. (Soviet journalist Victor Louis, long viewed by Western intelligence as a high-ranking KGB operative, has met with Rubin and was evidently involved in the April swap.) If the Guillaumes are being discussed, the West Germans would appear to be involved as well. An Israeli foreign ministry official criticized Sharon's private initiative last week. But it may be that they've privately given him their go-ahead.

The variables are many. The Soviets might not surrender Sharansky unless the U.S. comes forward with the two Soviet U.N. officials facing espionage charges in New Jersey. The West Germans may seek specific concessions related to emigration rights for Volga Germans in return for the Guillaumes. But in a highly unorthodox fashion, things certainly have gotten underway. And Flatto-Sharon's millions, however he came by them, have been a key factor in the crunch. ●

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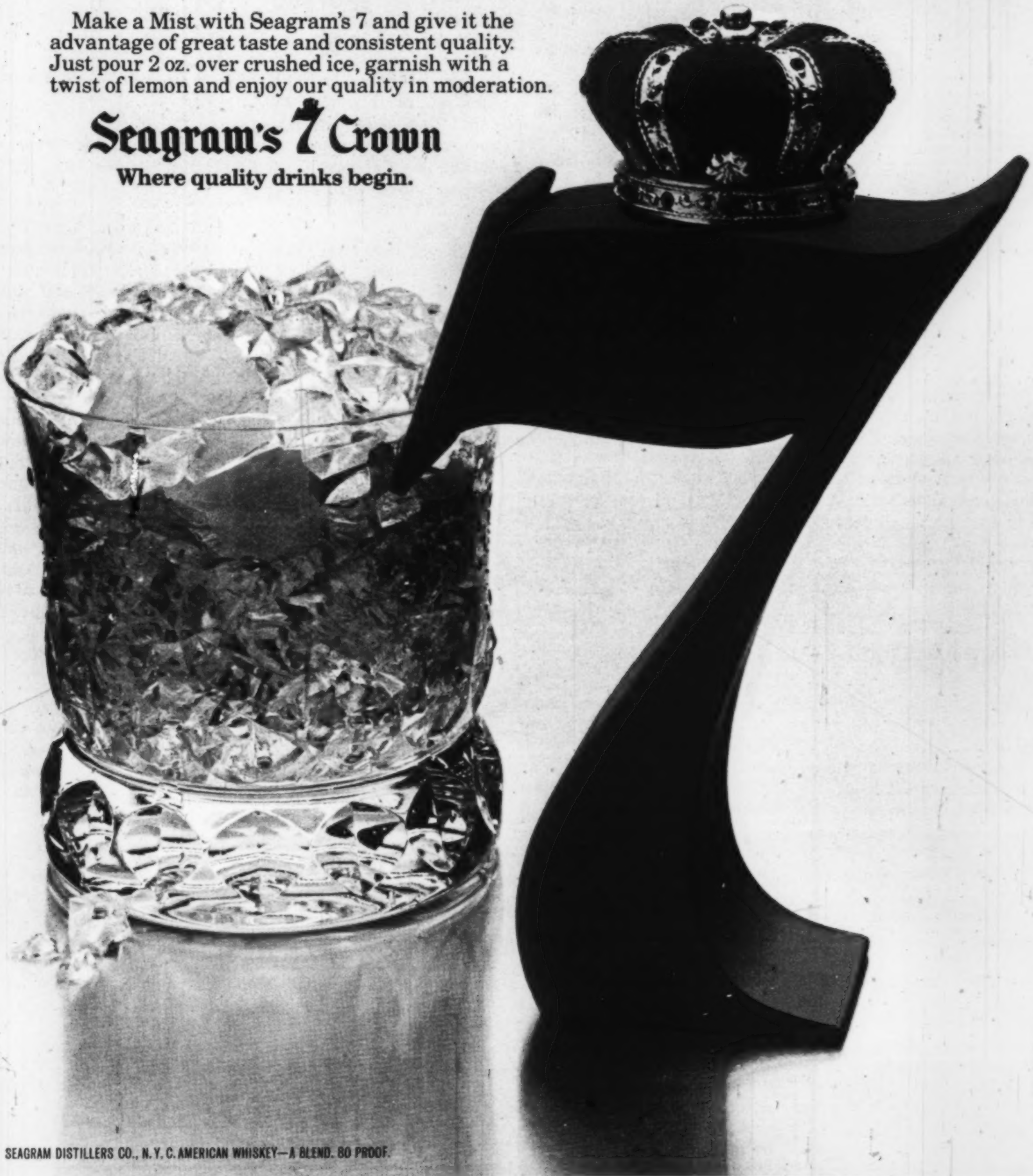

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- Stare into the Sun!

Ex-GI Sues Army For His A-Bomb Contamination

BLACK STAR

In 1953, over 12,000 U.S. servicemen volunteered, or were ordered, to witness various installments of Exercise Desert Rock V—a series of 11 atomic blasts ranging from less than half, to twice the power of the Hiroshima bomb. They manned trenches 2,500 to 4,000 yards away. In some cases, when the dust cleared, they were ordered to march toward the blast area. According to a 1953 *New York Times* account of one explosion, the trenches were not built to repell radiation and the soldiers did not wear protective clothing. Nobody appeared to be seriously injured at the time. Radiation poison, however, takes time.

Stanley Jaffee, a 47-year-old New Jersey pharmacist, who did as he was told in 1953, is suing the federal government and the Army for $13 million. The reason: He has developed inoperable breast cancer, which, along with other malignant maladies, may be linked to even small doses of radiation.

As an Army corporal, Jaffee says, in Camp Desert Rick, Nevada, he "was given no opportunity to decline." After the blast—which he claims he watched from a distance of 2,000 to 3,000 yards—and a march toward ground zero, Jaffee says, "no effort was made . . . to decontaminate us or remove the effects of radiation. I do not recall [ever being] examined or followed-up by the Army to determine what effect, if any, this test had upon me."

The government has not admitted that Jaffee's cancer may have resulted from the test. The meat of its defense, however, lies in the notion of "sovereign immunity." Jaffee's lawyers say "sovereign immunity," means "the king can do no wrong." Steven J. Phillips, one of Jaffee's New York attorneys, claims that 200–300 such tests took place in the 50s and may have involved "half a million men."

—David Konigsberg

Singing headline

Oh, Arlene, You Welfare Queen (Sing Hi Ho to a tune of Mahler's!) Oh Arlene, You Wiped 'em Clean (Sing to the tune of 150,000 Dollars)

No one ever called Arlene Otis stupid. Not only was she smart enough to apparently con the state of Illinois out of more than $150,000 in welfare funds, she may also be savvy enough to spare herself a long stretch in prison.

A part-time criminal justice graduate student, she faces a 614-count indictment for using her own name and at least four aliases to collect duplicate food stamp, medicaid and general welfare funds during a five-year period. She's been coronated the biggest "Welfare Queen" in state history.

Otis, 30 years old, had apparently pulled the wool impressively over quite a few eyes. In 1976, for instance, she convinced a state Department of Public Aid administrative hearing officer that she was, in fact, a Chicago actress who'd died six months earlier.

It was apparently Miss Otis who signed her name on a coroner's form as the identifier of the body of one Greta Stewart, a woman who had once appeared in the Japanese company of the musical *Hair*. She allegedly swore in the medical protocol that she was the actress's "sister." Otis later protested when the Aid Department tried to cut off welfare funds to the deceased actress. At a March 1976 hearing, she presented a birth certificate, voter registration and rent receipt cards for the actress. She had the payments reinstated. Four months later, state officials finally cut off the payments by bringing to the hearing a picture of the deceased woman taken from her funeral program.

Undaunted, she moved from the city's South side to Evanston, a suburb, where she reapplied using Greta Stewart's name. That application was approved and she was back on welfare.

A court psychiatrist recently advised that Otis is "unfit to stand trial" because she cannot cooperate with her lawyer. The county is expected to contest that ruling since Otis could be free from psychiatric care—conceivably by year's end. If doctors find her "unfit" for trial, but not "in need of mental treatment," she could not be tried for the fraud, or compelled to enter a psychiatric hospital, making possible her release. And then Ronald Reagan can use her as a reason to scrap the entire federal welfare system.

—Mick Zielenziger

Following orders

Stearns Strike May Finally End With UMW in Disastrous Shape

It appears that the bloody, two-year-old strike effort by the United Mine Workers at the Stearns Mining Company in southeastern Kentucky is all but over. The miners, who have survived gun battles, dynamiting, and a stick-swinging melee with state police, will probably be forced off the picket line by an upcoming decision by the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB).

Deciding the validity of a contract signed between the Blue Diamond Coal Company—Stearn's parent firm—and the 81 men who crossed the picket line to return to work, the NLRB ruling can go two ways.

Blue Diamond has spent the last year hiring back strikers and bringing in workers from the surrounding area to replace UMW miners, using $100 a day wages and—reportedly—a $1,000 bonus if workers remained at the mine for two straight weeks, as lures. In late May, Blue Diamond signed a contract with these miners. The NLRB could recognize these miners (the Justus Employees Organization) and end the strike.

The NLRB's other path would be to call an election at the mine—a vote the UMW would probably lose.

For months, sources have said that the actual number of strikers still actively participating in the effort is well below the figures claimed by union organizers. If the strike fails—and along with it the union's entire organizing effort in the non-UMW coal fields of eastern Kentucky—the UMW will have no one to blame but their leaders. The Stearns miners have shown unusual tenacity, but the union headquarters have all but ignored the strike, leading one ex-strike publicist to call Stearns the "Siberia of the UMW."

—Bill Bishop

JAMES BRANSCOMB/ECHAVE & ASSOCIATES

Stearns strike: UMW blew it

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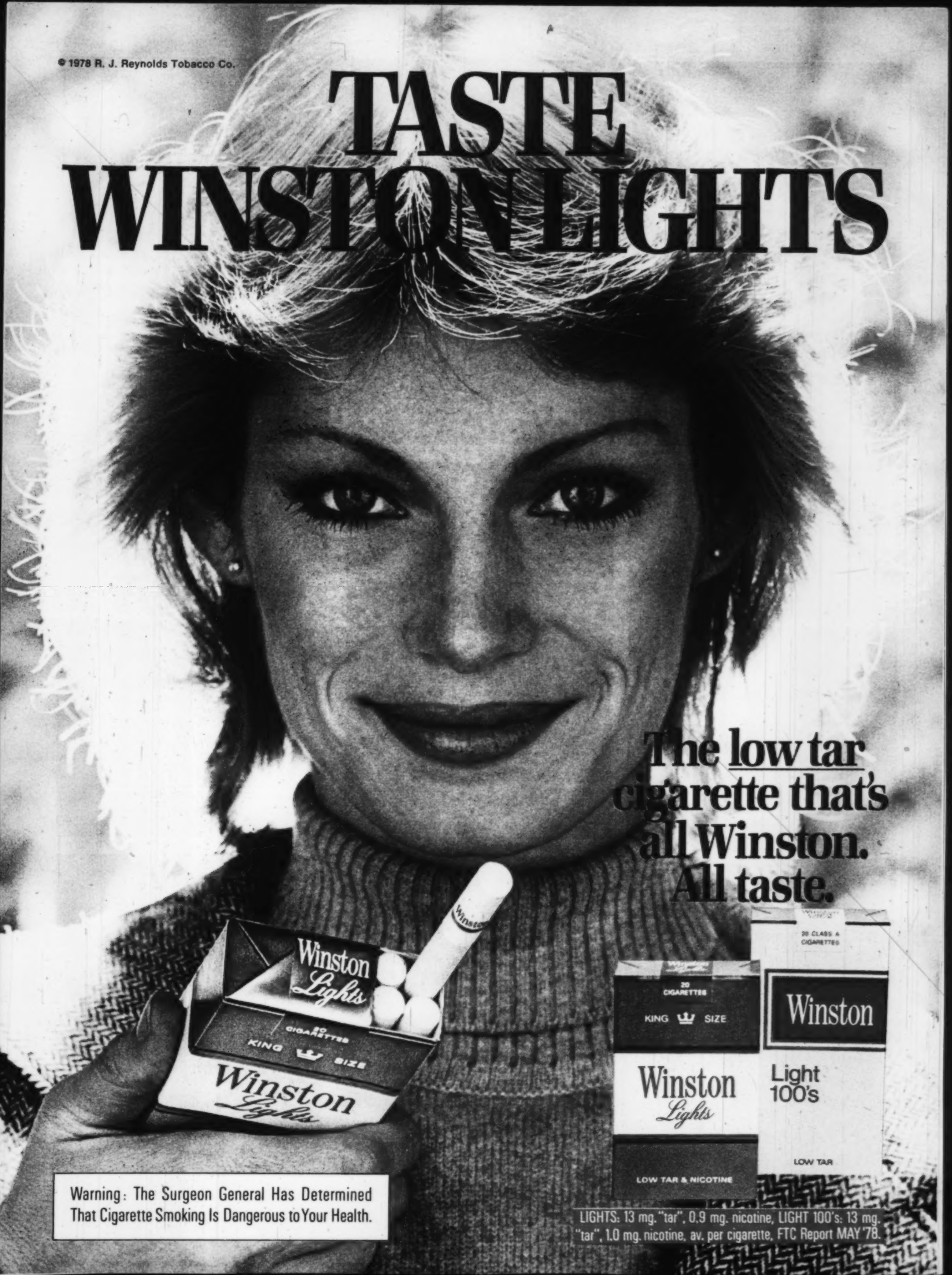

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WINSTON LIGHTS
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LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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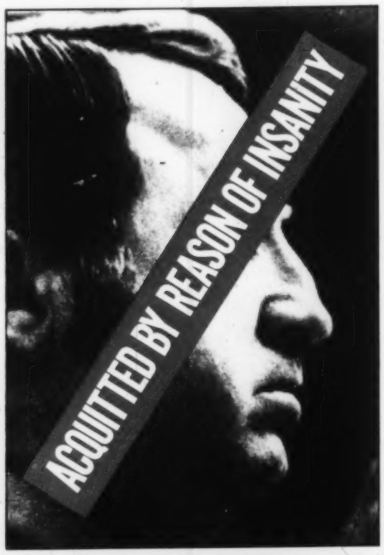
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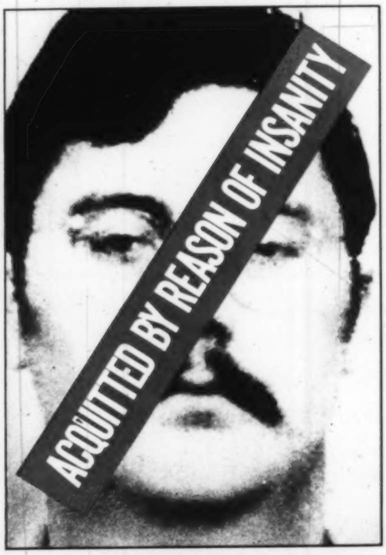
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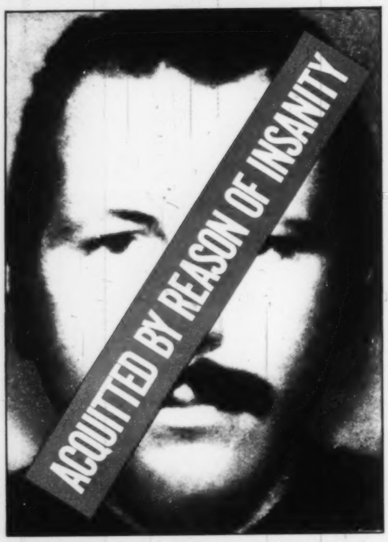
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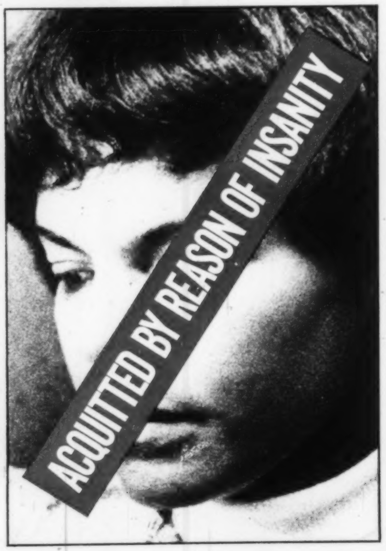
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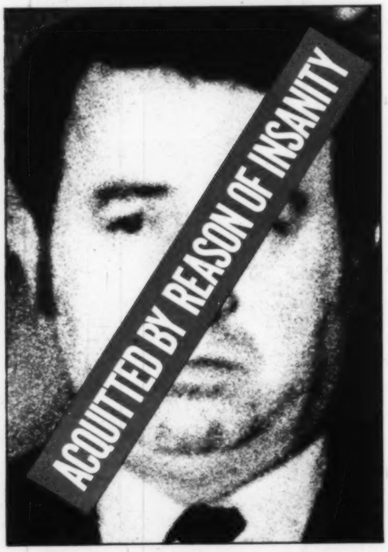
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Photographs L. to R. from top: Wide World (5), Montgomery Advertiser, Wide World, UPI (2)

NewTimes

Getting Away With Murder

The insanity defense was supposed to provide a humane way for the law to deal with criminals who are mentally ill. But critics now charge that insanity has come to mean alcoholism, epilepsy, trances — in fact, says one doctor, "any damn thing anybody wants it to mean"

by James Gleick

They buried Shirley Ellington on a beautiful hot day last summer in Alexander City, Alabama, after a funeral that sticks in people's memories. Her uncle, Robert Lewis Burns, remembers it as the worst day of his life. He was sitting near the front of the funeral chapel with his two surviving nieces when Willie Maxwell walked in, right in the middle of the service. People knew there was going to be trouble.

Willie Maxwell was known in Alexander City for two things. One was the voodoo. Even then, in the funeral chapel, he carried a mysterious black pepper box. "He had some kind of commodity in that box, nobody knows *what* it was," Burns said months later. "They sent it off finally to a lab to be analyzed, but it was no use.

"And he also had a brown envelope there with some kind of stuff in it, and they couldn't find out what that was, either. And he would also hang white chickens upside-down in the pecan trees outside his house, and these were supposed to keep evil spirits away. He had blood painted on his doorstep, and that was supposed to keep people away.

"When they cleaned out his house after he died, they found some bottles that had some kind of funny-looking liquid. He had one labeled Sex and one labeled Love and all this kind of stuff. He used to drive around at night wearing clothespins on his ears.

"And if some next-door neighbor moved in that he didn't like, he would take chicken heads and put them in their yard, and then a few days later they would move out. That's really true—that's not hearsay."

In some ways, it seemed like a shrewd sort of magic. A cynic might have said what has been said of similar cases: that Willie Maxwell was laying the groundwork for a plea of insanity, just in case. Because Maxwell was also known in Alexander City as the man who had murdered five people—including, most recently, Robert Burns' niece, Shirley Ellington.

Later, everyone would agree—the district attorney, the psychiatrists, even Maxwell's former lawyer, Tom Radney—that Maxwell had committed the string of murders over a period of six years to collect on insurance policies each victim had carried. Maxwell made the payments on all the policies himself.

The first victim was Willie Maxwell's wife, Mary, who was found strangled in a car. Maxwell was tried for murder and acquitted—there was little solid evidence, and he had a good alibi.

The woman who provided the alibi became his next wife, and she also became his next victim. Her body, too, was found in a car, but this time, the cause of death was unknown.

The third victim was Maxwell's brother, Columbus. His body was also found in a car, and his blood contained a high level of alcohol. Cause of death unknown.

The fourth was Maxwell's nephew, James Hicks. He was found in a car that had apparently run into a tree, but not hard enough to make much of a dent.

The fifth was Robert Burns' niece, Shirley Ellington. Maxwell had married the ex-wife of Burns' brother, which made the girl, in effect, his step-daughter. Her body was found under a car off the side of a road. A jack holding up the car's front end had sunk into the soft ground—the jack's foot was missing—and the left front wheel rested on Shirley's chest. But the coroner discovered that she had been strangled first.

Every one of the victims had been insured, with Maxwell as the beneficiary. In fact, although the string of deaths was common knowledge, the widespread, if hazardous, Pallapoosa County practice of being insured by Willie Maxwell continued until his own death.

When Maxwell showed up at Shirley Ellington's funeral, people were surprised. They were also surprised that he went up and sat right behind Robert Burns and his two remaining nieces, who were crying uncontrollably, as they had been all through the service. Burns was trying to console them, but they would not stop crying. When Maxwell sat down, one of the girls screamed, "You shot my sister." And then, as 400 mourners turned to look, Burns stood up, drew a pistol from a holster inside his belt, and shot Willie Maxwell three times in the face.

So it was Robert Burns who pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. After deliberating for more than two hours—a long time by Pallapoosa County standards—the jury found Burns not guilty. He was sent to an Alabama mental institution, where he learned about insanity firsthand—once, he recalls, he saw a patient chew off the ear of another and swallow it. But he did not have to stay long. He was released after six weeks.

Burns went back to driving trucks, and not long ago, home between runs up North, he sat in the kitchen of his mobile home and tried to give an honest answer to the question of whether he had been insane when he killed Willie Maxwell. He told a few stories about Maxwell and voodoo, and finally, with a self-conscious chuckle, he said, "No, there's nothing wrong with me, I guess. Tell you the truth, there was nothing wrong with me that day, either. I was just mad at him, I guess."

The psychologist who testified on his behalf at the two-day trial—the defense could not afford a full-fledged psychiatrist—was Frances Gunnels, an instructor at Alexander City Junior College. She agrees that Burns was not really in-

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James Gleick works on the metropolitan desk of the New York Times.

Name: Robert Lewis Burns
Crime: Shot and killed a man at a funeral.
Disposition of case: Acquitted; released after six weeks in a mental hospital

sane, but she also believes that anyone who commits a sudden, violent crime like Burns' is, in a way, insane for that short moment. "I testified that he was not aware of what he was doing at the time," she says. "I don't really believe in temporary insanity, but I do think that anybody who just goes berserk and commits a real violent crime is temporarily insane—I mean, society teaches us right from the start you just don't do things like that. You don't cut the cat's tail off right behind the ear and you don't flush the puppy down the commode." She used a technical term at the trial to describe Burns' mental state, but does not remember what it was.

"In a way, though," she says, "killing Willie Maxwell was the sanest thing anybody did all summer." She says she doubted a jury could have been found that would have convicted Burns. "He was just doing what the law ought to have done sooner. Why, I probably would have killed that man myself."

Ten years ago, it is unlikely Robert Burns would have used the insanity defense. Last year, despite his trouble-free mental history, it was inevitable. The insanity defense began as a simple, humane doctrine—that a person who commits a crime in madness, without malice and without an understanding of his own actions, ought not to be the object of society's revenge. It has grown into the most ungainly and pervasive paradox in our legal system. Its use has become automatic. It is the defense of last resort for violent criminals, the defense every lawyer must consider when his client has no alibi. And it is spurring a debate among lawyers and psychiatrists that threatens to rage without let-up, in one state after another, until the defense is abolished altogether.

As the debate gets into full gear, it will have a deceptive tendency to fall into familiar ideological lines. Richard Nixon's 1973 crime bill, the notorious S. 1, proposed the abolition of the defense; and in many state legislatures, its most vociferous opponents are also the most ardent supporters of the death penalty and of harsher sentences for juvenile offenders. As a way for admitted criminals to escape punishment, the insanity defense arouses the wrath of those who identify more with the victims of crime than with the rights of the accused.

But the sharpest edge in the furor over the insanity defense comes from a liberal, Democratic administration in New York State, where the Department of Mental Hygiene recently issued a report recommending the defense's abolition. The report cites statistics that are representative of the nationwide surge in the successful use of the insanity defense. Over a five-year span, the report states, the number of acquittals by reason of insanity in New York State has more than quadrupled. In the eight years from 1958 to 1965, there were 11 successful pleas; in 1976 alone there were 69; and statistics for 1977 are expected to show another large rise. Even supporters of the insanity defense concede that much abuse lies behind these figures.

Dr. Abraham L. Halpern flew into New York recently with reams of notes on the insanity defense, collected over a period of years for an article he was writing for a professional journal. He left the whole bundle on the plane, and he was nearly apoplectic: "I could have done anything then, anything—and a sympathetic jury would have acquitted me by reason of insanity."

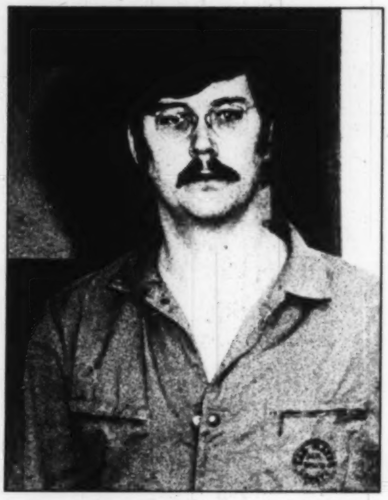
Halpern, chairman of the department of psychiatry at United Hospital in Port Chester, New York, and a leading opponent of the insanity defense, argues that one reason for the growing abuse of the defense is an increasingly broad—and increasingly vague—conception of mental illness. "We've reached a point," he says, "where individuals, by virtue of good legal counsel and highly paid psychiatric assistance, have been able to persuade a jury that drug addiction is a mental disease or defect. Alcoholism! Chronic criminality has been considered a mental disease. Unproven epilepsy—epilepsy with a normal electroencephalogram, where the individual doesn't have a neurological disorder—*that* is considered insanity."

Halpern rises from his chair and steps across his tiny office. "Insanity has come to mean any damn thing anybody wants it to mean," he shouts. "Dangerous individuals, who are not mentally ill from the clinical psychiatrist's viewpoint, are released only to commit serious crimes again."

The number of crimes actually committed by people previously acquitted by reason of insanity is small, but it is the nature of criminal insanity that such crimes are the most lurid and sensational. Further, the freeing of such defendants is a particularly unsettled area of the law, riddled with contradictions—especially for the psychiatrist recommending the release. Once a defendant has been acquitted by reason of insanity, keeping him confined raises constitutional questions that states have found difficult to deal with. In New Hampshire, for example, the Supreme Court recently ruled that psychiatrists must demonstrate every two years that a patient remains dangerous beyond a reasonable doubt, or they must order his release. A person's certain danger to society is nearly impossible to prove. In most states, psychiatrists must decide whether a patient is sane enough to release (subject to a judge's approval), a decision that may have nothing at all to do with whether he was insane enough to acquit.

In some cases, doctors have had no choice but to release defendants upon discovering that their insanity had been faked. One such case, cited by Halpern, involved a man acquitted of rape several years ago in Washington, D.C. He was sent to a mental hospital, but when psychiatrists there decided that he "simply

Photograph: Montgomery Advertiser



Name: E.E. Kemper 3d
Crime: Killed his grandparents.
Disposition of case: Acquitted; released after five years in a mental hospital. (After his release, Kemper killed his mother and seven other women, dismembering most of the bodies)

had a tendency to rape," Judge Gerhard Gesell of the United States District Court ordered him freed.

"Obviously the appropriate thing to do would be to set aside the not guilty finding and prosecute for the underlying offense," the judge wrote. "It is apparent, however, that the finding of not guilty by reason of insanity cannot be reopened or re-examined."

Then there was the case of E. E. Kemper 3d, who murdered his grandparents and spent five years in a California hospital for the criminally insane. He went free in 1970, and three years later petitioned to have his psychiatric records sealed. A judge granted the request after psychiatrists had examined Kemper and found him sane and cured. They did not know that since his release he had murdered his mother and seven other women—one of them only three days before their decision—and had dismembered most of the bodies. Kemper, it was later reported, had memorized sets of responses to 28 standard psychological tests.

Not every murderer has Kemper's knack with psychiatrists, of course, but interviews with defendants are often routine and predictable. The questions tend to be surprisingly transparent. The key question in many trials turns out to have been something like, "Do you remember what you were thinking when you pulled the trigger?" or "How do you feel about it?" (The best answers are "No" and "I can't feel anything"—not "I was trying to kill him" and "I feel kind of guilty about it.")

As a science, psychology, like economics, is soft; it lacks the equipment to make reliable predictions about the events it studies. Within the field, there is considerable inconsistency about some of the most important definitions. Psychiatrists do not agree on what constitutes psychosis the way physicists do on what constitutes velocity. And what a psychiatrist means by insanity may be very different from what a judge means.

The courtroom has become the focus of an extraordinary amount of confusion and professional self-contradiction from psychiatric expert witnesses. Last year in Los Angeles, the National Homicide Symposium raised the issue of such testimony and its growing decisiveness in the determination of guilt or innocence. Jay Ziskin, a psychologist from California State University, said psychiatric testimony was "worthless" in criminal proceedings. "It does not meet the requirements of law for expert testimony," he said. "A psychiatric diagnosis is more likely to be wrong than right. It is even more likely to be wrong when trying to assess the mental condition at some time previous to the examination."

It is a harsh view, and it is spreading. "I'm concerned for society," Abraham Halpern says, "but I must admit I am also concerned for my profession, with psychiatry becoming a literal laughingstock from one shore to the other."

The legal system relies on psychiatrists for more than courtroom testimony. Their role does not end with the jury's verdict. More and more, psychiatrists are responsible for deciding the fate of convicted criminals who are found to have psychological problems. Then, using a wholly different set of criteria, they determine the fate of defendants acquitted by reason of insanity. They help judge the type of confinement necessary and the type of treatment—whether a patient must be held, for example, in an institution or may be cared for on an out-patient basis. They help decide the right moment for release. And using yet another set of criteria, they evaluate the fitness of suspects to stand trial and the appropriate form of confinement in the meantime.

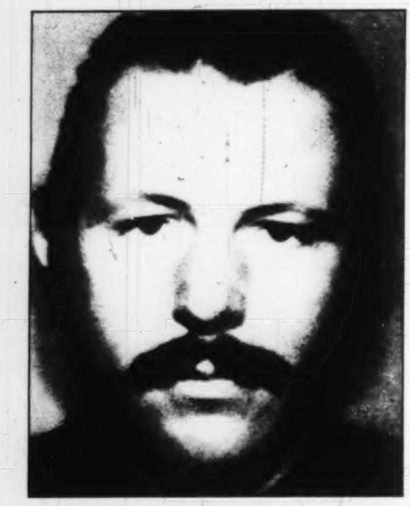
But the judicial framework is ill-designed to accommodate the psychiatrists it has come to rely on so heavily. The system is run through with contradictions, and the judgments that must be made at each stage often conflict. Dr. Lawrence C. Kolb wrote in New York State's recent report that psychiatrists testifying on whether a defendant is insane "are forced almost to the verge of unethical behavior—forced by the insistence of legal procedures derived from a 19th century conception of the psychology of man."

Opponents of the defense argue that the best solution is a cutting of the Gordian knot—abolish the defense, they say, and the related problems will disappear. The proposals gaining the most ground across the country would leave it to the jury to determine guilt or innocence, solely on the facts, without regard for the defendant's mental state, and would make the psychiatrist's role a simple one: to treat the mentally ill, after the state has imposed its sanction.

"All right," says Dr. Daniel W. Schwartz, a leading supporter of the insanity defense. "We have problems, abuses, what have you. But if you put an actual case to [opponents of the defense] they don't know what to do—because they know in their hearts that there is no crime, only sickness." Schwartz earns his living in the scabrous common ground between psychiatry and the law, and no one has a closer view of the day-to-day reality of criminal insanity. As director of forensic psychiatry at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, he is routinely called upon by the state and city to examine prisoners with mental problems and to testify concerning their competency to stand trial. Unofficially, he is the king of freelance expert witnesses, in demand by prosecutors and defense attorneys alike. In the past 15 years, he has testified at more than 100 trials, including some of the most controversial in the country.

Schwartz's office, on the sixth floor of an enormous Gothic structure that houses the forensic psychiatry division, is in a ward cut off from the rest of the hospital by a set of iron bars with a 24-hour guard. "People are upset, there's

Photograph: UPI



Name: Robert Torsney (suspended New York City police officer)
Crime: Shot and killed unarmed boy for no apparent reason.
Disposition of case: Acquitted; now in a mental hospital

no doubt about it," he said last April. "Some people are—literally—getting away with murder. Psychiatry is just part of the problem. People cop pleas, and in no time flat they're back on the street." Down the hall from his office sat his most celebrated patient of the moment, David Berkowitz, who would be convicted a few weeks later in the six "Son of Sam" murders. Berkowitz pleaded guilty, refusing the repeated suggestions of his lawyers that he use the insanity defense.

Several months earlier, in another notorious case, Schwartz provided what turned out to be the winning diagnosis at the murder trial of Robert Torsney, a white New York City police officer who shot and killed a 15-year-old black boy in 1976. On the strength of Schwartz's testimony, Torsney was acquitted by reason of insanity.

This summer Schwartz testified for the prosecution at the trial of Richard Herrin, who had killed his girlfriend, Bonnie Jean Garland, with a claw hammer in the bedroom of her suburban home. Herrin also pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity; he was convicted on a reduced charge of manslaughter, and jurors later said Schwartz's testimony had been the most convincing.

One reason Schwartz's services are so much in demand is that he knows how to present his testimony in terms a jury will find useful. He is a good interpreter of the languages of law and psychiatry, and the skillful use of language is often the key to the skillful handling of the insanity defense. At the same time, language—or jargon—has been responsible for some of the more curious absurdities that have arisen from the defense. Despite their shared central concern—the extremities of human behavior—psychiatry and the law have developed two very different ways of talking about the same events. When psychiatrists and lawyers get together, and especially when they have to pay attention to the precise meaning of their words, there is no limit to the confusion that can arise.

At the Herrin trial, the war of words was as basic as could be. To a psychiatrist testifying on the defendant's behalf, Herrin's relationship with his girlfriend, which began when they were students at Yale, was a "symbiotic dependence." When Bonnie Garland tried to end the relationship, Herrin exhibited what the psychiatrist called "mood swings." His murder of her as she slept was characterized as "bizarre behavior," indicating a "borderline personality" giving way to "depersonalization and disassociation."

The prosecutor's words were more old fashioned. Calling the psychiatrist's testimony a "smokescreen," he said Herrin had "just turned to possessiveness, then to revenge and vengeance."

Sometimes the attempts to find psychiatric explanations for crimes lead to a circus atmosphere. For example, opponents of the insanity defense cite the 1976 New Jersey trial of Joseph Kallinger for the murder of Maria Fasching. First came a long evidentiary dispute over the admissibility of testimony by Flora Rheta Schreiber, the author of the best-selling pulp novel *Sybil*, whom defense lawyers had hoped to question about split personality. Then the court heard testimony from Kallinger's coworkers, who had called him "Crazy Joe." Finally, after lengthy proceedings on various examples of erratic behavior by the defendant—much of it *after* the murder—a psychiatrist named Irwin N. Perr took the stand to say that although it was true Kallinger had faked much of his crazy behavior, that did not necessarily mean he was sane.

But it is the Torsney trial more than any other that is cited for the eloquence of psychiatric testimony—"sheer bravado," one lawyer called it. Officer Torsney shot the boy at close range in front of a dozen witnesses. There was no struggle, and the boy was unarmed. Torsney was the third white New York City police officer in as many years to be acquitted in the murder of a black youth, but he was the only to plead insanity. Most police officers in his position plead self-defense, and indeed Torsney at first claimed the boy had been reaching for a gun. But Torsney's lawyer quickly discovered that the witnesses, including other police officers, would not even testify that the boy had moved his arm.

The lawyer, Edward M. Rappaport, entered a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity and had his client retain Daniel Schwartz. He remembers the day Schwartz called to tell him he had settled on a diagnosis—it was an exciting moment, Rappaport says.

"I've got it," he quotes Schwartz as saying. "Now I know what was wrong with him—he had epilepsy." That was a surprise to Rappaport, and it was a surprise at the trial, not only because Torsney had no previous record of epilepsy—or any other mental problem—but also because an electroencephalogram had been normal.

But Schwartz explained that Torsney suffered from a rare form of epilepsy called "automatism of Penfield," which occasionally does not appear in an electroencephalogram. As a result of the epilepsy, Schwartz testified, the officer—already in a "dissociative psychotic state"—had a "psychomotor seizure."

"Dr. Schwartz said he was, like, in a trance—he did everything automatically," Rappaport says.

For Schwartz, the telling point was the complete absence of any motive for the killing, and the apparent absence of any emotion about it afterward. "No way does it make sense," Schwartz says. "Torsney acted in a way that was totally irrational." According to Schwartz, Torsney did not behave like a man who believed himself to be in danger. He simply shot the boy and reholstered his gun. He had no conscious awareness of his actions, Schwartz says, so afterward, to justify to himself what he had done, he involuntarily invented a "memory"

Photo: Wide World

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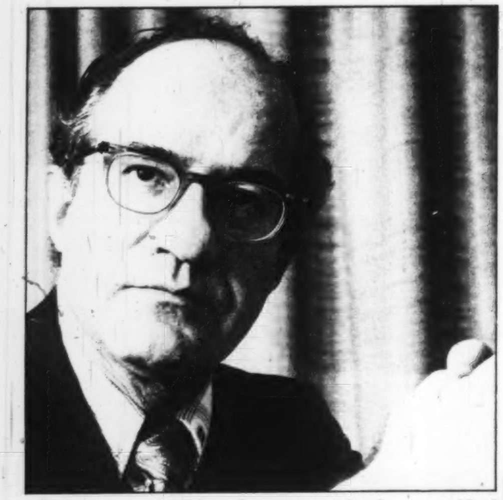

"Dangerous individuals," says Dr. Abraham Halpern, a critic of the insanity defense, "who are not mentally ill from the clinical psychiatrist's viewpoint, are released only to commit serious crimes again"

of the boy's reaching for a gun. At the trial, Schwartz used the term "involuntary retrospective falsification" to describe Torsney's first story.

After his acquittal, Torsney was sent to a hospital for the criminally insane; Rappaport is now awaiting a psychiatrist's report on his client's condition. Torsney is under suspension from the police department, and Rappaport has applied for a disability pension for him. (There is some question about whether or not the disability occurred in the line of duty.)

The law under which Torsney was acquitted, one of the strictest in the United States, holds that a defendant may be found to lack criminal responsibility if at the time of the crime he did not have "substantial capacity to know or appreciate either the nature and consequences of such conduct or that such conduct is wrong." In New York, as in every state, the insanity defense is built into the law in the form of the instructions a judge must give the jury at the close of a trial. It is up to state legislatures to choose the exact wording, and it would seem to be a simple enough matter for a legislature to abolish the defense. On a few occasions the United States Supreme Court has overturned legislative attempts to tamper with it, but the grounds in each case were narrow and unrelated to the defense itself, which does not appear to be writ in stone.

The New York rule is a variation of the most common formulation, the M'Naghten rule. M'Naghten, used in about thirty states, is the oldest and best known. It takes its name from a Scottish woodcutter, Daniel M'Naghten, who murdered the private secretary to the prime minister of England in 1843. He did so under a double misapprehension: He thought the man he was shooting was Prime Minister Robert Peel himself; and that Peel had been responsible for a series of private misfortunes.

At M'Naghten's trial, several doctors testified that the prisoner suffered from delusions of persecution. He was acquitted, which meant that instead of being executed, he was permitted to spend his remaining years in mental institutions.

The defense of insanity had been a part of English law since the thirteenth century, but many people were outraged by M'Naghten's acquittal. Among them was Queen Victoria, who had herself lately been the target for several would-be assassins. She complained to the House of Lords, which in turn demanded an explanation from England's Chief Justice. Choosing his words with great care, he gave the defense its most lasting form, delivering a set of guidelines that were quickly adopted as law across the Atlantic.

A prisoner must be acquitted, he wrote, if he suffers from "such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

The M'Naghten rule is relatively strict in two respects. First, the most severe delusions do not necessarily guarantee acquittal. M'Naghten's belief that the prime minister was causing his bad luck was not enough to justify acquittal, the Justice ruled, because even if he had been correct, it would not have entitled him to commit murder. Second, the rule only recognizes cognitive, as opposed to volitional, impairment. If a criminal recognizes that he is doing wrong, even if he cannot control his actions, he must be convicted. David Berkowitz, for example, might well have lost an insanity defense, despite a general agreement among psychiatrists that he was psychotic. Though he believed he was committing his murders at the direction of demons, he evidently knew what he was doing and had a sense that it was wrong.

A modification of M'Naghten called the "irresistible impulse rule" permits a defendant to be acquitted if his crime resulted from a mental defect he could not control. A modern version, the Durham rule, was first used in Washington, D.C., a cauldron for a great deal of insanity-related law, but it was abandoned in 1972 after an 18-year experiment. The courts found it was too broad and too vague.

The most recent rule, known as the A.L.I. rule (after the American Law Institute), may be the best formulation yet of what is inevitably an awkward combination of ill-defined concepts. The key words are vague enough to allow the jury some latitude, yet solid enough to provide some firm ground for the psychiatric witnesses. Under the A.L.I. rule, a defendant is not responsible if, "as a result of mental disease or defect, he lacks substantial capacity either to appreciate the criminality of his conduct or to conform his conduct to the requirements of law."

The vagueness in the various rules is often their best feature, in that it leaves juries with the final decision, rather than binding them to the views of psychiatric witnesses. Whatever its particular form, however, the insanity defense has been a victim of the processes of history. As every opponent of the defense complains, the evolution of psychiatry has brought a considerable widening of our conception of insanity. "Originally," Abraham Halpern says, "insanity was used to designate wild raving maniacs—idiots, imbeciles and lunatics. That kind of person never even gets to trial now; they're found incompetent. You just show me the poor, demented soul, the kind who cannot tell the difference between squeezing a trigger and squeezing a lemon, who's being thrown in a dark dungeon somewhere."

The most telling historical change, however, has been a steady divergence in the things psychiatry and the law take for granted. It is no longer true, as it was as recently as 60 years ago, when Freud's writings were first translated into English, that doctors and lawyers believe pretty much the same things

Photo: Wide World

> "You have people who have hallucinations, people who have delusions," says Dr. Daniel Schwartz, a supporter of the insanity defense. "People who no decent society under God could ever find responsible"

about human nature, and that is the insanity defense's fatal paradox. Whether people behave well or badly was once believed to be a matter of choice, of free will. That is still the assumption on which the criminal justice system depends in enacting its controlled, institutionalized revenge. But psychiatrists do not believe in free will—or if, for reasons of sentiment, they believe in it, they have no professional use for it. The law cannot function unless it assumes people make free decisions about their actions, but psychiatrists cannot function unless they assume the opposite: that people's actions can be explained in terms of environmental influences, or emotional stages, or family histories, or putative mental states, depending on one's preference.

As a result, even the best psychiatric witness is out of place in a courtroom. In the words of Dr. Lawrence Kolb, "With the generally accepted agreement that preconscious and unconscious forces influence overt actions, he may not answer ethically the legal questions put to him . . ." Asked to explain a violent, criminal action, a psychiatrist has a professional obligation to seek an explanation in pathology—and the result may be a diagnosis that, while true to the lights of psychiatry, is not what the law is looking for. For a scientist, to say that one man killed another because he was "evil" is simply begging the question. But that may be what the law requires.

As long as psychiatrists continue to seek explanations within a framework of determinism and the law continues to treat people as responsible agents, the war between the two will continue to create turmoil in modern courtrooms. "The court doesn't need to hear the garbage of 'involuntary retrospective falsification,' for Christ's sake," Halpern says. "That kind of thing isn't of any value in the disposition of a case. It's a hoax, a legal fiction perpetrated on the public."

The New York Department of Mental Hygiene agrees. Its central reform—a reform California and Michigan are now drifting toward as well—would be the divorce of the finding of guilt from the question of sentencing. It would be a divorce of lawyers from psychiatrists, for it is in the post trial state that the New York report believes psychiatrists can be most helpful. Most important, abolishing the insanity defense would be a way to get psychiatrists out of the courtroom, or as the report puts it, "to avoid dysfunctional psychiatric involvement in adjudicative and dispositional processes."

The New York proposal would permit evidence of mental disease only as it affected a defendant's intent to commit—or knowledge that he was committing—a crime. A defendant found to have had no intent to murder could be found guilty of manslaughter instead, for example. But no defendant could be excused from criminal responsibility.

"Where is the justice," Abraham Halpern asks, "in selecting out one special group to be excused from responsibility for their acts? We're required to sweep aside other groups that might have an even greater claim to be held not responsible. What do you do about the individual who is brought up in a slum, deprived of an education, forced into a relationship with lawbreakers after whom he will pattern his behavior? Where's the justice in saying *that* person may be held responsible?"

Daniel Schwartz, pounding his desk, disagrees. "I can't go along with this poverty-made-me-do-it idea. Some people are just evil," he says. "There are people who don't hold your life or mine of more value than an ant's.

"But at the other extreme you have people who have hallucinations, people who have delusions—people who no decent society under God could ever ever find responsible. People"— he lowers his voice to a whisper —"who are just too, too crazy." ●

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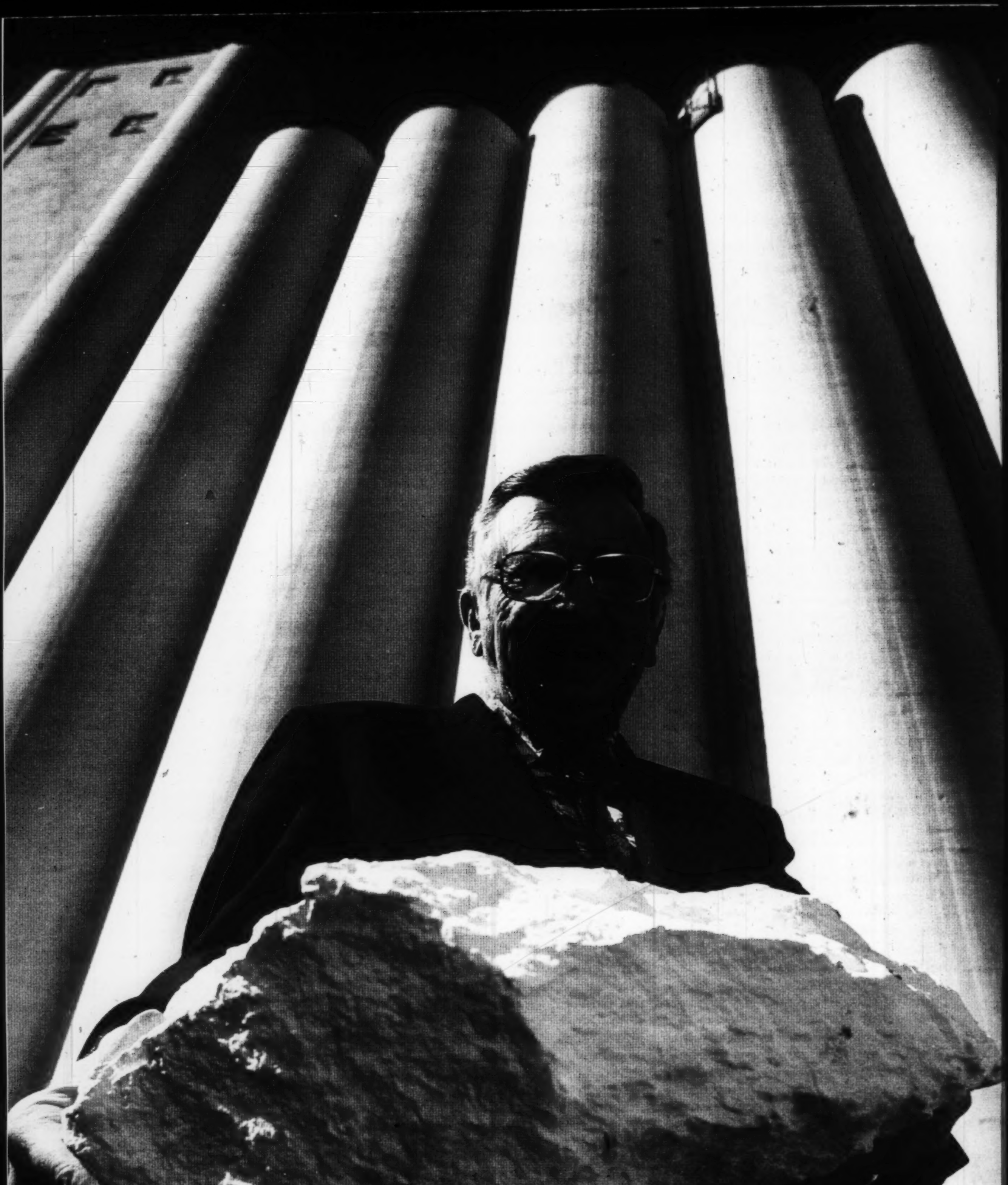

The Good Earth Pesticide

As a bug-killer, diatomaceous earth is plentiful, cheap and no more toxic than a fly swatter. Naturally, no one is using it

by William Tucker

It can kill insects without killing or poisoning anything else. It has been fed to animals and made them healthier. The perfect pesticide? Not quite. But such a substance does exist, and in such enormous quantities that it could be used worldwide for the next 200 years and not run out. It is called diatomaceous earth, and although its ecological benefits have been known for four decades, they are almost universally ignored. For a variety of commercial, cosmetic and bureaucratic reasons, d.e. is one of earth's great untapped natural resources; it is used today more to help filter swimming pools than to protect us from bugs, or from ourselves.

Diatomaceous earth is a fossil substance, made up of the tiny, silicon shells left by trillions of microscopic, one-celled algae called diatoms that have inhabited the waters of the earth for the last 150 million years.

Diatoms, like other algae, live on photosynthesis, providing about 80 percent of the world's oxygen in the process. They form the bottom rung of the food chain for most aquatic organisms, and make possible just about everything that happens among higher organisms.

But diatoms have one property that sets them off from other algae. They weave for themselves microscopic shells that they use for protection and locomotion (even though they are considered closer to plants than animals). These shells, or frustules, are covered with a pattern of tiny holes so regular that even the slightest change in their design usually signifies a different species.

As diatoms have died, their shells have survived, slowly piling up in deposits at the bottom of geological lakes and lagoons. When the lakes dried up, what remained were huge deposits of "diatomaceous earth." These deposits exist all over the world, including vast concentrations in the western United States. Although the process is painfully slow—it takes about 1,000 years to produce deposits an inch deep—in many areas d.e. now covers several square miles and extends over 1,000 feet deep.

"Diatomite," as it is called in the industrial world, has been mined for hundreds of uses, from filters to toothpaste additives. With its remarkable ability to hold water—up to three times its own weight—it is used as an industrial abrasive and a cement additive. Alfred Nobel first took advantage of its absorbent capacities when he mixed highly explosive nitroglycerine with diatomaceous earth, thus producing dynamite.

Diatomaceous earth is also the one substance abundant enough to be seriously considered for commercial use as the "insect dusts" that scientists have tried to perfect for more than 45 years. The idea that ordinary dust is lethal to insects has been recognized for thousands of years; the Egyptians as well as earlier cultures used it to protect stored grain. It has been speculated that the reason birds take dust baths and other animals roll in the dust is to get rid of ticks and fleas. But it wasn't until 1932 that Sir William Wigglesworth, a Cambridge University entomologist, suggested that the way dust particles kill insects is by attacking the wax coating that covers their external skeleton.

The wax coating, or epicuticle, is an insect's Achilles heel, a thin, easily penetrated layer that is all that separates the bug's internal chemistry from the harsh and unpredictable conditions of the outside world. Sir Wigglesworth speculated that any fine dust particle would scratch the epicuticle, effectively "wounding" the insect and causing it to lose moisture and die.

Sir Wigglesworth's work was picked up by Dr. Walter Ebeling, a UCLA entomologist who did extensive research on insect dusts in the 1940s. "I finally developed my own theory that the dust particles were not cutting the epicuticle, but actually clinging to the wax coating and absorbing it, leaving the insect naked of its skin," says Dr. Ebeling.

Ebeling found several synthetic silica dusts he believed were the most lethal to insects. One of them was finally marketed as "Dry-Die," a termite killer that is sprayed into enclosed wall-spaces during home construction to give permanent protection from infestation. Dr. Ebeling also experimented with diatomaceous earth, but did not find it as

Entrepreneur William Baxter with a chunk of d.e.: "We're just hoping some day people will wake up. . ."

William Tucker is a contributing editor to Harper's *magazine.*

Photograph by Harry Redl/Black Star

Roach: Cockroach that is, covered with d.e., magnified 43 times

effective as the synthetics.

Ebeling's d.e. research was noted by many other people, however, among them a small-time Phoenix inventor named Louis de Lisle, who had been using diatomaceous earth to make a synthetic turquoise decorative material through his company, Phoenix Gems. In the mid-1950s, de Lisle decided to try grinding down d.e. to a size that would be more likely to damage an insect's wax coating. Next he laced the product with a little pyrethrin, a naturally occurring pesticide derived from a daisy-like flower. Pyrethrin works instantaneously and would give the product the quick "knock-down" power that is important in preventing field infestations (diatomaceous earth takes about 12 hours to kill an insect). He also developed a plain diatomaceous earth product for protecting grain in storage bins.

Registering a new insecticide usually is an enormously tedious process, involving years of research and hundreds of thousands of dollars, but de Lisle decided to shortcut the process by having diatomaceous earth declared nontoxic. He commissioned Dr. Eldridge Bertke, professor of zoology at Arizona State, to test it on rats. "We fed them a diet of 5 percent diatomaceous earth for 90 days," recalls Dr. Bertke. "We found no damage, no ill effects, and no toxic build-up. In fact, the rats fed with diatomaceous earth were actually heavier and healthier than the controls at the end of the experiment."

The results were accepted by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, which certified d.e. as nontoxic, after which the USDA registered it the same. De Lisle applied for a few patents, and started conducting crop-dusting experiments around Phoenix in 1957. Five years before the publication of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, de Lisle was trying to convince Arizona farmers that there was a better way to protect their crops than drenching their fields with toxic chemicals.

At about the same time, the Johns-Manville Corp., the country's largest miner of diatomaceous earth, got wind of the idea and sent off a similar product to the Crop Protection Institute, a private testing laboratory in Durham, New Hampshire. "We tried it on stored-grain insects and found we were getting kills in the commercial range—around 90-95 percent," recalls Dr. Robert Norton, who owned the laboratory until he retired last year. "But the material was not toxic—it was killing the insects through a physical action—so we could not call it an insecticide. Maybe we were drawing a little too fine a distinction, but that was the way the thinking went at the time. I suppose you could call a fly swatter an insecticide if you wanted to, but we could not classify anything as an insecticide unless it was toxic." Johns-Manville chose to interpret the results as negative, and decided that diatomaceous earth could not be used as an insecticide. (The company still holds that opinion today, and will argue strenuously with anyone who says it can.)

> **"Government research," says one manufacturer, "is usually the kiss of death for any new product"**

De Lisle, meanwhile, had scored an important success by winning a contract with Northrup, King & Co. in Minneapolis, the largest wholesale seed manufacturer in the world. Northrup-King decided to use d.e. in several of its seed packets (and continues to do so today—it's written right on the label). The company also expressed interest in developing a garden insecticide and offered to do the necessary research, but de Lisle did not want to give them exclusive marketing rights on the product. The idea faded and nothing came of it.

De Lisle's only other commercial success was in conjunction with Hayden Flour Mills in Tempe, Arizona, one of the state's largest grain-storage businesses. Irv Manly, who was superintendent of Hayden Mills at the time, remembers the day that de Lisle arrived with his "strange dust": "I didn't see how it could possibly work, but we were having some trouble with our other fumigants, so I said, 'Alright, let's give it a try.' Well, I never saw anything like it in my life. We never had another problem with insects, and we've been using nothing but diatomaceous earth for the last 15 years. We had our dead insect fragments down to 1 part per thousand, and there isn't an elevator in the country that ever

Photograph by J. Norman Grim and Dean W. Blinn/Northern Arizona University

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There's even more. Like separate bias and equalization selectors, with three positions for each. Sensitive VU meters plus three LED peak indicators graduated in 3 dB steps. Mike/line mixing. And cue and review. All in a simulated wood cabinet.

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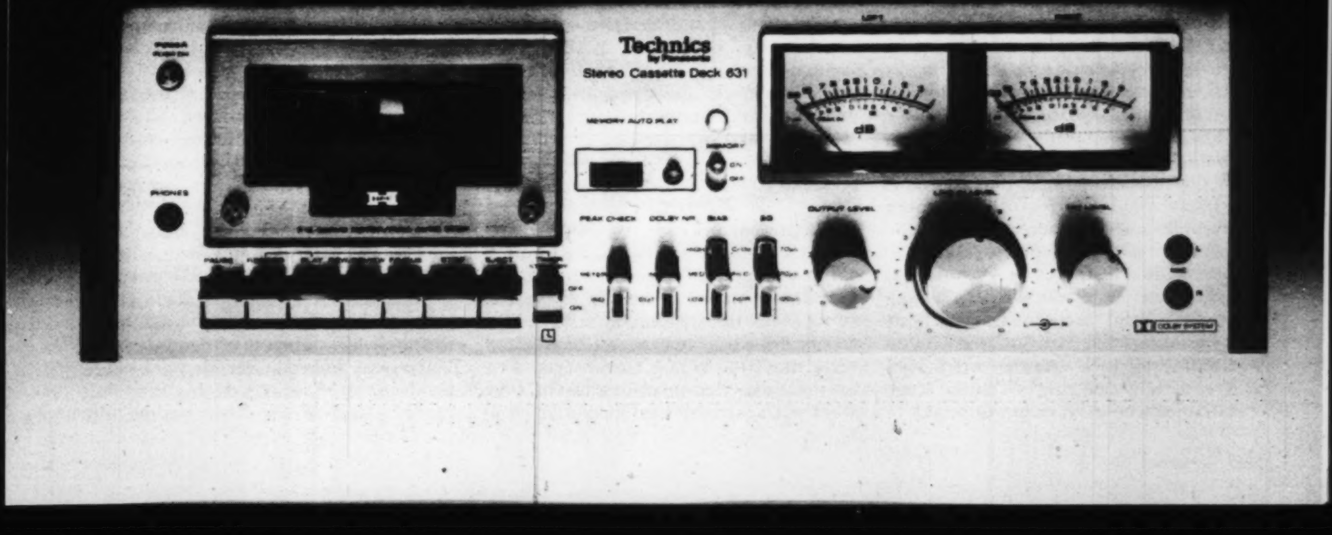


gets below 15 ppt. When you walked into other elevators, all you ever smelled was chemicals. But when you walked into our elevator, you smelled grain."

The success at Hayden Mills helped prompt the USDA to conduct its own investigation of the effects of diatomaceous earth on stored grain. In a series of studies made between 1963 and 1970, d.e. was compared with pyrethrin and Malathion, an organo-phosphate that is lethal to both animals and people and has since replaced DDT as the most widely used pesticide in crop-dusting. The results were mixed, but generally showed that diatomaceous earth could protect stored grain about as well as Malathion, and better than pyrethrin. Diatomaceous earth could also repel insects much better than Malathion, which hardly repelled them at all. In addition, the effects of d.e. appeared to last longer, while Malathion generally broke down after about eight months. (Malathion's ability to break down after several months, rather than persisting for long periods in the environment, is one reason it is being used instead of chlorinated hydrocarbons like DDT.)

"There was never any question that diatomaceous earth could kill insects and kill them well," says Dr. Lyman Henderson of the USDA. "But there were other small problems which were very difficult to get around." For one thing, a coating of diatomaceous earth made stored grain *look* bad; it gave the kernels a dull color instead of their usual bright sheen. Since appearance is part of the grading process, the flat look meant a financial loss for grain dealers, at least until the USDA revised its grading standards. (Toxic chemicals, being invisible, didn't affect grade.) Also, the dust coating made the grain harder to handle, slowing operating times; the abrasive particles had an alarming tendency to clog bearings and wear out machinery. In some instances, bearings were reported destroyed within a week (although Hayden Mills has reported no problems over their 15 years' experience with d.e.).

But third, and most frustratingly significant, when coated with diatomaceous earth, grain kernels would not settle in baskets as easily, so that a bushel weighed about four pounds less than it normally would.

"There was nothing we could do about it," says Dr. Henderson, who is still enthusiastic about diatomaceous earth. "It would have required changing the whole grading procedure, and the commercial people were never willing to go to all the trouble. There's only so much government can do in pushing these new ideas. After that, somebody else has to carry the ball."

Considering the positive results of d.e. research, one might assume large companies would be only too happy to carry the ball. But in fact the opposite has proved to be the case. A top executive with American Cyanamid, the country's only manufacturer of Malathion, explains it this way: "Once government has done the research, a product belongs to everybody and there's no way that a single company can get an exclusive or a patent on it. You need something to keep other people out if you're starting a new product. Otherwise, you'll get killed by the competition. Government research is usually the kiss of death for any new product."

"If anybody's going to sell d.e. as an insecticide, it's going to be somebody who's willing to starve"

Just so: The USDA research reports were largely ignored, and today are out of print and almost impossible to locate.

In 1964, de Lisle, unable to raise money for further research, hired Neil Clark, a Phoenix milk producer, to market d.e. Clark began the tedious business of trying to register the product in all 50 states. "It was painfully slow," says his widow, Mary Clark. "The state agencies had 90 days to reply, and they always took 89. They'd send you back a form and tell you to change a few words, and then it was another 90-day wait. Before you knew it, a whole year had been eaten up and you'd gotten nowhere."

Clark also was antagonizing state officials by emphasizing the possible dangers of chemical pesticides, rather than accentuating the positive about diatomaceous earth. Before long he was accusing state officials of working in league with large corporations in "marketing cancer."

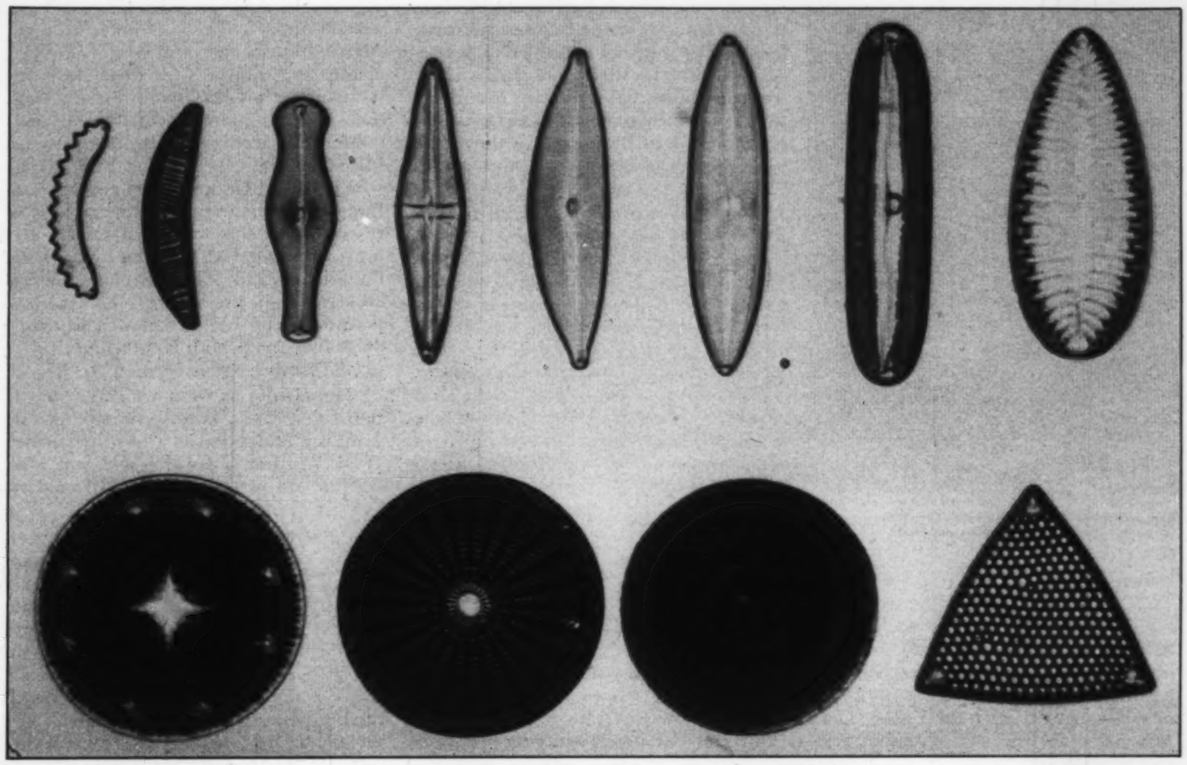
While Clark and de Lisle struggled on, unbeknownst to them, unbeknownst to almost anyone, d.e. was continuing to prove itself. In 1964, for example, a graduate student at the University of Maine was trying out an insect-infecting bacterium on the red-pine sawfly, a caterpillar that was infesting the Maine woods. "We actually weren't expecting to get any results, but when we sprayed the first year, we found we had gotten complete control," recalls Dr. John Dimond, a professor of entomology, who supervised the experiment. "We began to suspect it was the carrier of the bacteria that was killing the insects. The carrier was diatomaceous earth. We went out again the next year with plain diatomaceous earth and got the same results. But the infestation went away the following year and we never followed up. There were so many other things around at the time that it didn't seem important. I guess with all this concern about toxic pesticides, though, it might be worth going back and taking another look."

In 1967, Neil Clark outlined a strategy for breaking into the Imperial Valley in California, one of the largest agricultural markets in the country. He hired the Applied Biological Sciences Laboratory, a private lab in Glendale, to perform some crop-dusting experiments with cotton. Several fields were sprayed with diatomaceous earth, while adjacent fields were treated with chemical pesticides. "With d.e., we found we were getting complete control of all insects, including the pink boll worm, which completely destroyed a field less than a mile away," says Dr. Paul Jewel, a research associate at the lab. (The pink boll worm, incidentally, resists treatment with Malathion, and must be killed with parathion, an organo-phosphate so powerful that a single drop in the human eye can be fatal.)

"What was most remarkable was the difference in productivity between the fields sprayed with chemical pesticides and those sprayed with diatomaceous earth," says Jewel. "Both areas had good insect control, but the cotton sprayed with diatomaceous earth was growing about a foot higher! The farmers said they expected to get an extra half-bale per acre out of these plants. We were very excited about the product. It was just that the promoters seemed to be having trouble handling it."

Certainly Clark was having his troubles. In order to raise money back in Phoenix, he had set up a system where people bought franchises to sell diatomaceous-earth products, then sold other franchises to other people. Most of the money was changing hands for the franchises, rather than the products. It was a classic pyramidal scheme, the kind that usually gets people in trouble with the law. Sure enough, the Securities and Exchange Commission cracked down in late 1967, indicting Clark and several other company officers for selling unregistered stock. Clark died of a heart attack at his desk three weeks later. "He never gave up on the idea that the world would come to accept the idea of a nontoxic insecticide," says his widow. "He believed it with his last breath."

The founder of Phoenix Gems, Louis de Lisle, had died three years earlier in a helicopter crash. Although he had claimed to have a doctorate in mineralogy from the Sorbonne, and at one point was actually lecturing at Arizona State University, a check after his death could produce no evidence of his academic record. Most of the other people who



Diatoms Magnified 548 Times: It takes a thousand years to produce a deposit an inch thick

have promoted diatomaceous earth with Phoenix Gems have had no scientific credentials, and this, combined with de Lisle's discredited past, combined with Neil Clark's indictment, has helped foster a widespread impression that diatomaceous earth is something of a crackpot idea.

After Clark's death, things quickly fell apart at Phoenix Gems. The company was nearly $1 million in debt, and went into bankruptcy. When the newly formed federal Environmental Protection Agency took over pesticide registrations in 1972, it wiped the slate clean and required the reregistration of all "nontoxic" pesticides.

In the early 1970s, a promising new avenue of d.e. research opened. Northrup-King once again became interested when Dr. Dale H. Grissom, a company research entomologist, reported that with d.e. he was getting control of the chalcid worm, an alfalfa pest. Grissom's work immediately was countered by Dr. Oscar Bacon, an entomologist at the University of California, Davis, who reported that he was unable to get *any* results from diatomaceous earth.

Dr. Bacon has done important work in trying to develop less toxic pest controls, and certainly had no reason to be prejudiced against diatomaceous earth; nevertheless, there is a possible explanation for his negative results. The chalcid worm is a particularly insidious pest, difficult to control with ordinary insecticides. It is actually the larval stage of a tiny wasp that lays its eggs in the alfalfa flower. The larvae then eat their way through the seeds until they emerge as adults.

Dr. Bacon says his first application produced no effects, and that he made repeated dustings with diatomaceous earth with no results. "The farmers were finally very upset because they were losing the crop, so we had to go in with chemicals," he says.

But scientists at Northrup-King argue that diatomaceous earth would be effective in keeping the wasps out of a field only if applied at the start of a growing season, and couldn't get at the worms once they were in the flower. "People didn't have the same ideas about insect management in those days," said Dr. Glenn Moore, a research entomologist. "You can't just go out and dump a bag of something on a field. You have to time these things correctly."

Dr. Bacon, however, defends his work. "We tried diatomaceous earth on all sorts of sucking insects—chalcid worms, aphids and spider mites—and the populations just kept growing. With stored grain, you're dealing with a dry environment; but on a green plant, an insect can just keep sucking sap to maintain its moisture balance."

"Diatomaceous earth can kill insects in certain situations," says Tom Stommel, a former California Department of Agriculture official, "but it can't work in crop-dusting or with flying insects. Besides, you know there's a lot of money to be made in pesticides. If this stuff really worked, don't you think some of the larger companies would have picked it up by now?"

It's a good question. To get an answer it is useful to consider the diatomaceous earth industry and its operating mentality. There are today five major companies in the business, all of them mining deposits in California, Oregon, Washington and Nevada. National production last year was 700,000 tons, not too much higher than the 500,000 tons mined in 1935. Over 60 percent of the diatomite now sold goes into filtration systems.

Without exception, executives of the five companies argue that it would be almost impossible for them to develop diatomaceous earth as a pesticide. Typical is A. J. Basso, vice president of Witco Chemical Corporation, which has large deposits in Washington State. "We've decided that the probability of marketing a successful nontoxic pesticide is much too low for us to spend the money," says Basso. "You couldn't sell it because it's too hard to use. It would be like converting the whole country from coal to oil. The chemical pesticides are too potent and too profitable to challenge right now." Similar remarks are voiced by representatives of all the other major companies.

The dissenting voice in the industry

Photograph by Holly Williamson/Taurus Photos

Photograph by Syd Greenberg/NAS/Photo Researchers

Let Them Eat Heptachlor

Farmers in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Oklahoma who (were it available) might normally consider trading in their Malathion for a nontoxic dust, are this summer screaming for chemicals that make Malathion look like mother's milk. The reason: what the USDA calls a "serious outbreak" of grasshoppers. Though far from plague proportions, the number of hoppers in the fields this year is greater than at any time since 1958.

In this century, grasshopper populations in the West have peaked every 20 to 30 years. The cause is not any locust-like cycle in the insect; rather, the increases follow years of drought. The natural enemies of the hoppers, particularly the fungus that kills the females before they can lay their eggs, thrive in the wet conditions that ordinarily occur early in the growing season. If these conditions are absent, however, as they have been for the past two years, the fungus cannot spread, and each female grasshopper can lay her 200 to 400 eggs relatively unimpeded. The following year, the hopper population explodes.

By late June, this year's crop of young grasshoppers had eaten their way out of the drainage ditches and scrublands, and had begun to move into the fields. In early July, they attacked the outer rows of corn, beans, wheat, barley and alfalfa; by the end of the month, whole fields had been chewed down. But this is no "invasion," as some news accounts have indicated, for the insects have always been there. They have popped up in unpredictable, checkerboard patterns; at the very least, however, crop losses are sure to be in the millions of dollars.

Most grasshoppers live for only eight to ten weeks. In another week or so, the problem this year will have resolved itself naturally, because the hoppers will have produced their eggs and died. Thus the emergency spraying programs that the affected states have undertaken are designed to reduce the number of grasshoppers before they can lay the groundwork for next year's generation. (The eggs are impervious to pesticides.)

Malathion is the most widely used pesticide against grasshoppers. It attacks the insects' nervous systems, causing such rapid convulsions that the grasshoppers collapse from a kind of stroke. But the chemical is only effective against grasshoppers for three days, after which it breaks down into environmentally acceptable by-products. Malathion replaced more durable poisons like Dieldrin, Heptachlor and DDT, which kill grasshoppers on contact and then take years to break down. There is no question that these chemicals are more effective than Malathion, and now the farmers and politicians in the infested states want them back. Nebraska has petitioned the EPA to allow it to spray 36 million acres with Heptachlor, a suspected cancer agent banned in 1975.

"Heptachlor is what we call a 'hard' pesticide," says a USDA entomologist in Kansas. "Malathion is a 'soft' pesticide. If the weather is working *with* you, Malathion can give you a level of control against grasshoppers, but it can't when the weather is working against you."

The procedures for lifting a ban against a chemical like Heptachlor take at least a month, provided there are no lawsuits from environmental groups. Heptachlor would arrive too late to help this year; the farmers' strategy is to clear the way for its use next spring, should the hoppers again get out of control. After all the hard work it took to ban the chemical in the first place, the EPA is reluctant to let Heptachlor out of its box again. Agency officials fear that the grasshopper scare may be used to force a general return to the "harder" pesticides, and that an emergency permit to use Heptachlor would be the first backward step.

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comes from Charles Frankenhoff, who helped found all the major companies except Johns-Manville, and is now comfortably retired in Scarsdale, New York. Frankenhoff's Kenite Corporation tried to market a d.e. home-insecticide, but the product was retired when Witco bought Kenite in 1970. "It's a great story and it's never been told," says Frankenhoff. "You could protect all the country's crops with diatomaceous earth for 100 years and not even begin to scratch the surface of what we've got. God in his wisdom gave it to us; we just haven't figured out how to use it. The problem is that it would be an enormous disruption if the existing companies had to start using diatomaceous earth as an insecticide. You can ruin a business just as fast by doubling its demand as you can by cutting it in half. Besides, what would they do with all this machinery they've built to make pool filters?

"If anybody's going to sell diatomaceous earth as an insecticide, it's going to have to be somebody who's outside the business," he adds. "It's going to have to be somebody who's willing to starve."

The person who seems to answer that description right now is William Baxter, formerly part-owner of a Phoenix wholesale brokerage house, who has been trying to market diatomaceous earth over the last 10 years. Baxter has sold Louis de Lisle's d.e. products through his own company in Canada, and has just set up International Diatoms Industries, Ltd., to market them in this country.

"If people ever come to accept this idea, we could never expect to get more than about 5 percent of the market," says Baxter. "It's too easy to do. All you have to do is dig it out of the ground and put it on crops. We're just hoping that someday people will wake up and realize what this product could mean in terms of feeding the world's people."

That day may not be far off. The World Health Organization and the Food and Agriculture Organization, both arms of the U.N., recently have conducted tests in Africa with diatomaceous earth and are pleased with the results. Many people believe that its real potential is in the Third World, where protection of stored grain against insects is an enormous problem.

In any case, it doesn't look as if Baxter and his associates will have the field to themselves for long. Several other entrepreneurs, all unknown to one another, recently have been making similar discoveries about diatomaceous earth and are trying to bring their products onto the market.

In Harper, Oregon, a maverick ex-rodeo rider named Charles Carté has put down claims on a huge field which probably contains enough d.e. to supply the U.S. for over 100 years. The deposit had somehow escaped the notice of the larger companies. Carté wants to use d.e.'s absorbent capacity to soak up the sewage sludge, cattle manure and food-processing wastes that have been plaguing many municipalities, then grind it down to a combination insecticide/fertilizer for crop-dusting.

In Monrovia, California, William Belford and Kenneth Hedges, two inventive chemical engineers, have patented a process for coating diatomaceous earth with the more lethal silica dusts. The double-barreled product would be suitable for crop-dusting (silica dusts are now too light). "We know we've got a product that works here," says Belford. "We're just waiting for somebody to lend us some money so we can manufacture it."

And in Ogden, Utah, a 71-year-old

retired farmer named James Pedersen has been trying to market diatomaceous earth as an insecticide and deworming agent after watching a neighbor use it successfully for over 30 years. Pedersen's efforts have led to some new research at Brigham Young University, with mixed results. "We've found that it doesn't work on ants, although we're getting some repellency with flour beetles," says Dr. Clive Jorgensen, professor of zoology. "Right now I doubt if we'll go much further after we finish our current experiments. One of the big problems is that we can't locate any of the USDA reports that were published in the 1960s."

While the negative reports from the universities certainly can't be ignored, there is now clearly evidence enough to prove that diatomaceous earth can do *something*. "The problem is that people expect miracles, and then when they run into one failure, they give up on the idea," says Lyman Henderson of the USDA.

Diatomaceous earth definitely is not a miracle substance, and in fact may only work in a limited variety of situations. What is needed now is some serious research to find out exactly what it can and can't do.

What definitely is *not* needed is for environmental groups to start trying to ban existing chemical pest controls on the theory that they can be replaced with diatomaceous earth. (Many environmental groups already are talking about trying to ban Malathion, a suspected carcinogen.) This probably would prove counterproductive, not only by bringing diatomaceous earth into further disrepute, but by leaving a trail of environmental destruction behind; one result of the DDT ban has been the destruction of thousands of acres of forest lands by insects that cannot be controlled with any other pesticides. One way the environmental movement could help would be to raise money for serious d.e. research.

With the help of such research, there is cause to believe that diatomaceous earth can play a significant role in insect control, both here and abroad. Ideas on the subject have changed considerably since the 1960s; entomologists now talk about "insect management"—keeping populations down to reasonable levels, rather than trying to destroy them entirely. Many of the new biological controls, such as decoy sex attractants, work in that direction.

"The whole question of d.e. has never been brought out in the open so that we could get a complete evaluation of its advantages and disadvantages," says Dr. Henderson. "It probably can't do everything for us, but it could certainly do something. It's definitely worth more attention than it's been given up until now." ●

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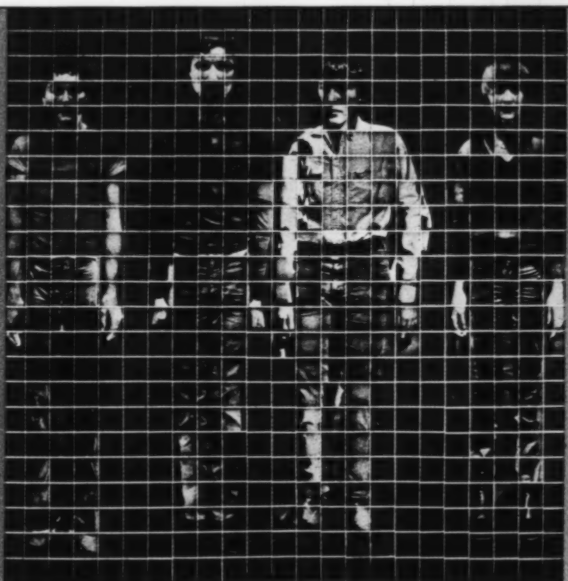

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The Whiz Kid Energycologist

Part grass-roots activist, part mountaineer, adviser to president and environmentalist, Amory Lovins is a walking encyclopedia of alternative energy sources

by Ellen Frank

Two simple words—hard and soft—are surfacing as the key descriptive terms in energy debate. Hard technologies are huge, centralized and nonrenewable sources such as nuclear and coal-fired plants. Soft technologies are essentially the opposite—appropriately scaled, renewable and diverse energy sources such as solar, wind and hydro. This textural terminology was concocted two years ago by a 30-year-old consulting physicist named Amory Lovins. With the frustration of a poet, he explained the source: "I struggled for almost a year to find decent terms. Any words would be unsatisfactory, but I wanted terms that I could give a specific meaning, just for energy. Perhaps I would have been better off with nonsense words. Margaret Mead thinks they're awful because 'soft' excites all sorts of anxieties in middle-aged men who are, after all, running the world. She's probably right."

This shy and fragile-looking young man is the environmentalists' trump card, a walking encyclopedia of alternative energy sources, a fountainhead of statistics on the economic follies of hard technologies. Lovins has been the focal point of international energy debate since the fall of 1976, when the august quarterly *Foreign Affairs* published his watershed essay, "Energy Strategy: The Road Not Taken?"

He has since briefed that strategy for President Carter, nine governors, three Canadian provincial premiers, the prime ministers of Canada and Sweden; dozens of foundations, legal and scientific associations; congressional, United Nations and foreign government officials; as well as many environmental and anti-nuke groups, including the Prairie and Clamshell alliances. Privately, Lovins refers to himself as "an intellectual subversive." The fanfare hasn't fazed him, and he continues to speak the same way to everyone, repeatedly insisting, "I want attention for the ideas, not a cult of the personality."

Lovins has evolved into an international ambassador of soft energy. He spends seven months each year traveling in the U.S. and abroad, "cross pollinating on the energy grapevine," as he calls it, trading his "Sermon" for alternative technology tips or for access to influential realms of government and finance. The Energy Gospel according to Lovins is in great demand, but no matter how fast he travels—and a dozen sermons in five days in four cities is not uncommon—dozens more invitations remain to be filled. Lovins has literally thousands of "fans" around the world, people who have been motivated by his ideas to move directly into alternative energy projects. All this brings him great satisfaction. His eyes light up when he spots a solar collector on some roof, and he confidently says, "Every alternative energy project generates enough enthusiasm to spawn about seven more. The spiraling impact is tremendous once people start doing these things."

The semi-expatriate saves at least three months of each year for his home in London, where he fulfills his role as British representative of Friends of the Earth (FOE), catches up on his writing and correspondence, and occasionally dashes across the Channel for conferences.

July and August are the sacred months, when only absolutely crucial situations can lure him away from the White Mountains and Camp Winona, a rugged boys' camp on Moose Pond in southern Maine. Here, his normally stiff physical movements loosen into fluidity. Each summer, Lovins trades his two tailored suits for climbing boots and a well-worn 12-year-old pair of liederhosen. Mosquito-proof pants, splotched with the patches he has sewn on over the years, come out for nighttime defense. Here, his tightly punctuated sentences lose their formality, and his vocal cords relax enough to send his voice down several notes in register. As he grows strong and tan from mountain climbing, he loses the eggshell fragility that dominates his complexion most of the year. It is a mountaineer, not a physicist, leading those 9-to-14-year-old boys up the slopes he has memorized after 13 summers as a trail guide counselor.

Lovins speaks of the White Mountains and Camp Winona as his "natural habitat. This is my time of year to not think about energy, and to recharge my spiritual batteries," he says. Most of the campers and counselors will say, "Amory's a genius, you know," but they are only vaguely aware of Lovins' seasonal preoccupations. In their eyes, his greatest accomplishment is an uncanny ability to predict the sudden, gusty "thumpers" (camp slang for thunderstorms) that could easily whip a 12-year-old off a mountaintop. The only visible evidence of Lovins' energy fluency is a clipping from the *New York Times* that is tacked up in the dining hall. That op-ed article, which Lovins wrote last summer right after the New York City blackout, warns that continued reliance on Con Ed-style mammoth, centralized electrical systems will surely lead to more blackouts.

This year, camp director Al Ordway honored Amory with his own mailbox, a sensible move given the mass of envelopes that pours in daily. Occasionally a prescheduled international phone call will come in punctually at 1:00 p.m., just after lunch, and the switchboard operator will lean out on a balcony over the dining hall, catch Lovins' eye, and he'll leave the deafening noise of 240 boys to edit a translation of a recent article.

Ellen Frank is a freelance writer living in western Massachusetts. This is her first article for New Times.

Sun Day Sermon: Lovins preaching his energy gospel in Washington

When the thumpers come, Lovins grudgingly uses some of the dead time to attack the piles of mail, but speaking invitations are refused, "because I don't want to set a precedent for leaving."

This summer he couldn't resist on two occasions: a frantic day trip to Washington for a review of domestic solar policy with 100 senior federal officials and Department of Energy (DOE) alternative technologists; and an excursion down to Seabrook, New Hampshire, where he addressed the anti-nuke rally.

Why was the Washington trip so imperative? I asked. "Carter announced this policy review in his Sun Day speech in Colorado," Lovins replied. "It's a rewrite of solar policy from the ground up with public hearings in a number of cities, and it's the closest thing anyone in the Department of Energy has seen to public input. Though a number of energy activists have refused to trust the situation, about half the people testifying have simply told the DOE to get out of the way. Schlesinger is nominally in charge, but in effect he has been functionally by-passed. They called me in because they needed help in conveying some of their substantive insights. I gave a truncated version of the Sermon, and though they were all aware that I was on a tight time schedule, it got started 15 minutes late because the projector focus was broken and then they couldn't find an extension cord." He laughed and said, "These are the people who want to build fast breeders!"

On Sunday, June 24, camp director Uncle Al (all male counselors at Winona are referred to as "Uncle" whatever—the three women counselors are apparently not "Aunts") released Amory and three other counselors from the bustle of "pre-camp," the frantic four days of preparation before the campers arrive. Uncle Al knew the mission to Seabrook was imperative, and Uncle Bruce, the intermediate sailing counselor and a creative writing professor by trade, waved them off saying, "Be sure everyone understands you represent at least 30 people from Winona."

The three counselors who piled into the orange BMW with us are Amory's "recruits," athletic energy activists whom he had lured to Winona. The driver, Bob Wilkinson, a student from Santa Barbara, California, was filled with questions about the Clamshell Alliance. Ed Dobson, Amory's assistant in mountaineering, and Northern Great Plains representative for Friends of the Earth, regaled us with stories of his fights against strip mining. Gordon Edwards, a Montreal math professor and ecology counselor at camp, plied Amory with specific questions about alternative technology. Edwards is director of the Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility, and though Amory answered the questions for awhile, he gradually rested his head against the car seat and dozed. Lovins clearly didn't want to talk about energy—it was summer. Time off.

"Arguing nuclear power is kind of like arguing what's the best buy in champagne when all you want is a drink of water"

After a two-and-a-half-hour cruise south through Maine and into New Hampshire, a countryside filled with the smell of the first cut of hay, we reached our destination—and a traffic jam at Seabrook. We hopped out and Bob took the car three miles away to the protesters parking lot. We headed onto the 18-acre site the Public Service Company of New Hampshire had given the Clamshell Alliance for a three-day "legal and nonviolent" occupation. The access road, normally traveled by huge bulldozers, was converted to "No Nukes Boulevard." Hundreds of tents filled the woods. Older Seabrook residents were out in full force.

We all were awed, visibly elated, particularly when we stepped onto the open site where dozens of solar collectors, windmills and information booths attested to the expertise of these alternative technologists. Lovins, who refers to himself as a "Jeffersonian," said, "I've a *déjà vu* sense that these thousands of faces could very well be eighteenth-century Americans, fighting pretty much the same battles, perhaps in a different technical context. So many different forms of personal and community rights issues come together here as a common grievance with a common remedy. The energy and the ability of these people is very impressive. Of course my long-standing bias favors people like this who have taken the trouble to inform themselves. They are more sensitive, more capable of making wise decisions than a technocratic elite."

We dispersed to listen to speakers, talk with friends, or investigate such wonders as the solar-powered television, where media-conscious Clams could catch their act on the national network news. Amory, however, was completely absorbed by his upcoming speech and preferred just sitting in the shade of a tent, scribbling notes and meditating. Fred Branfman, Tom Hayden's right-hand man at the California Public Policy Center, spotted Amory and warned, "Make it short and funny."

At 6 p.m., when Clam organizer Robin Read finally introduced Lovins, mentioning that Amory spends his summers climbing in the White Mountains, the crowd gave a special round of applause. "I've been trying to think about important things, like mountains and trees," Lovins began. As we sat in the rugged shadows of a plant one-tenth built, he went on to describe nuclear power as "...a future option whose time is past. Nuclear power is economically and politically dead in the sense of a dead brontosaurus that's had its spinal cord cut, but because it's so big, with all these ganglia around near the tail, it can keep thrashing around for years not knowing it's dead yet. Now if you've got a dead brontosaurus, especially in the summertime, it's important to get it bur-

Photograph by Betsy K. Frampton

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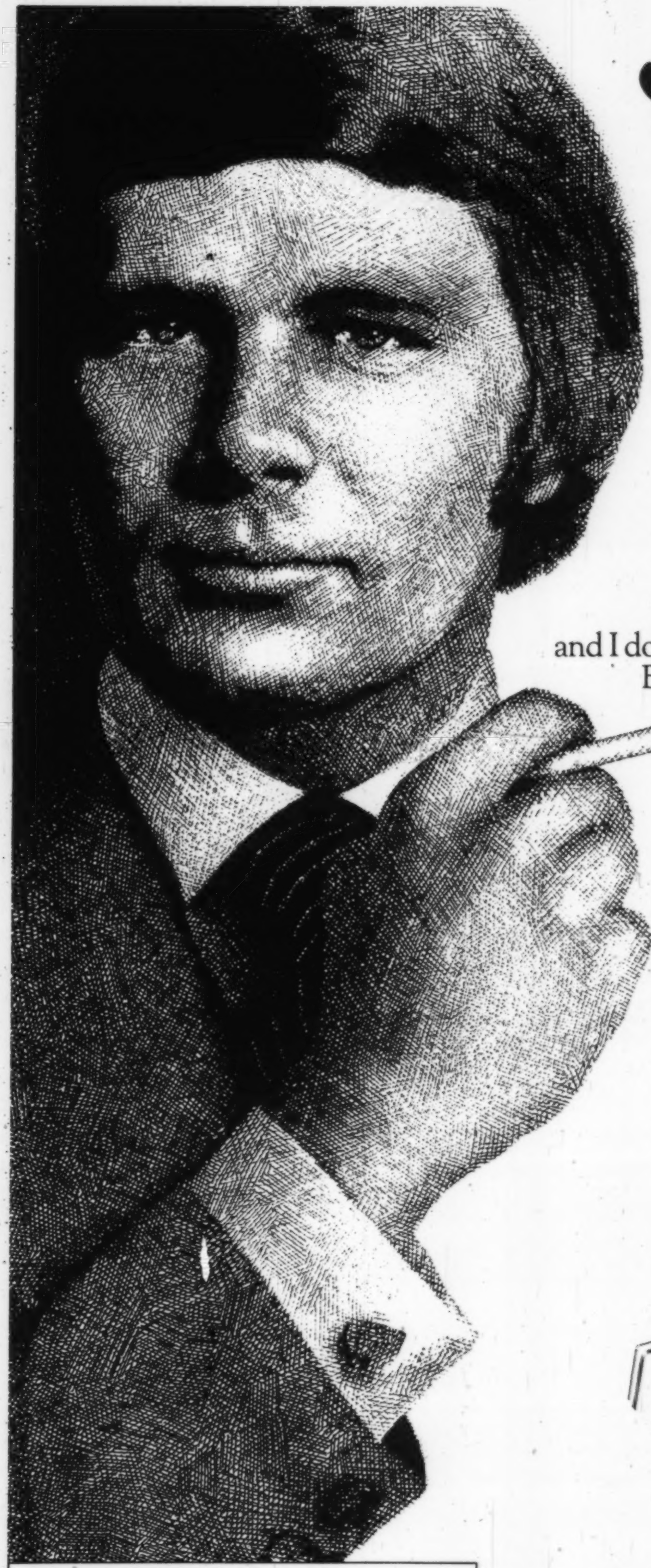

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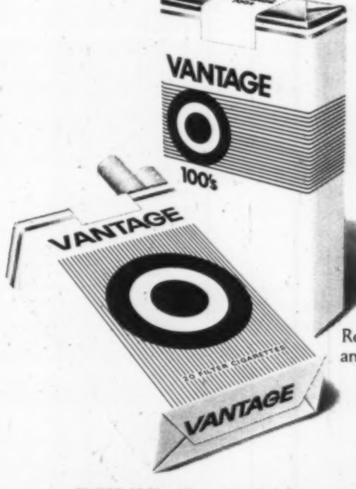

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Soft Sell: Lovins inspects the inside of a late-model wood burning stove

ied, and that is what we're all doing here.

"Nuclear power is suffering from a severe attack of market forces," he continued. "It just costs too much. Nukes and other centralized electrical systems are 100 times as capital intensive as the direct fossil fuels we've been relying on. The utilities can't afford them—the reason Public Service keeps raising your rates is because the market won't support it. If you take ERDA's [U.S. Energy Research and Development Administration] standard forecast of how much energy we're going to need in 2000, and you try to meet a quarter of that with nuclear power—assuming that a unit of electricity will displace two units of fossil fuel throughout the economy—then you discover that you have to start ordering a 1,000-megawatt station *now* every 4.7 days. If you think they've got capital problems now, just try that...

"There was a time when the industry and the AEC [Atomic Energy Commission] felt that nuclear power was the answer to all our problems, but what we're seeing now is a collapse of those unrealistic expectations." Lovins then provided a different view of the situation. "Now if we used energy efficiently, according to its end use, only 8 percent of our total present needs require electricity—industrial motors, lighting, smelting, electronics and the like. Here in New England, that 8 percent can be met by existing hydro, microhydro and a modest amount of wind power. Our energy problem is really a heat and liquid fuels problem, so arguing nuclear power is kind of like arguing what's the best buy in champagne when all you really want is a drink of water."

The crowd broke into laughter when Lovins said, "Okay, so nuclear power is a turkey. What should we be doing instead?" Somebody in front yelled out, "Turn the turkey shit into methane!" Lovins talked about tightening up energy use through conservation measures or technical fixes. "A Danish study showed a three-and-a-half-fold decline in household electrical consumption through better appliance design. A lot of the power from this plant would be sucked up in out-of-state urban air conditioning, but with venetian blinds, roof overhangs and improved passive design in the first place, we wouldn't even need air conditioning. Half of the air conditioning in a New York office building is used to take away the heat of overlighting. We're in the position of somebody with a bathtub where the water keeps running out. Some say you need a new and bigger water heater when what you really need is a new and better plug."

Lovins insisted that these readjusted energy needs could be met by existing soft technologies—but to do so, he said, "We have to clear away a lot of institutional barriers, such as Jim Schlesinger, the many subsidies to hard technologies, and 3,000 out-of-date building and mortgage codes, and the fee structures that give contracting engineers a percentage of the air conditioning and heating equipment they install."

Lovins then moved into the politics of energy. "We have a long tradition in this country of self-reliance, thrift and innovation. Over the border in Vermont, when the oil costs rose, 40 percent of the households installed wood burning stoves. No one asked them to do it—they just did it.

"It seems to me that we have a strong consensus in this country that soft technologies are desirable, but no consensus on anything else in energy. We've never built an energy policy on consensus, but it's time we started. Doing that is going to mean honest government, and there's nothing less at stake here than democracy. There's been a denial of democratic remedies, the kind of denial that's been happening here at Seabrook—that's what has brought us all here today. The important, exciting and difficult issues in energy policy are not too complex and technical for ordinary people to understand, but they may well be too simple and political for many technical experts to understand."

The Sermon ended, and the thousands of sun-baked Clams whooped and hollered out a long standing ovation.

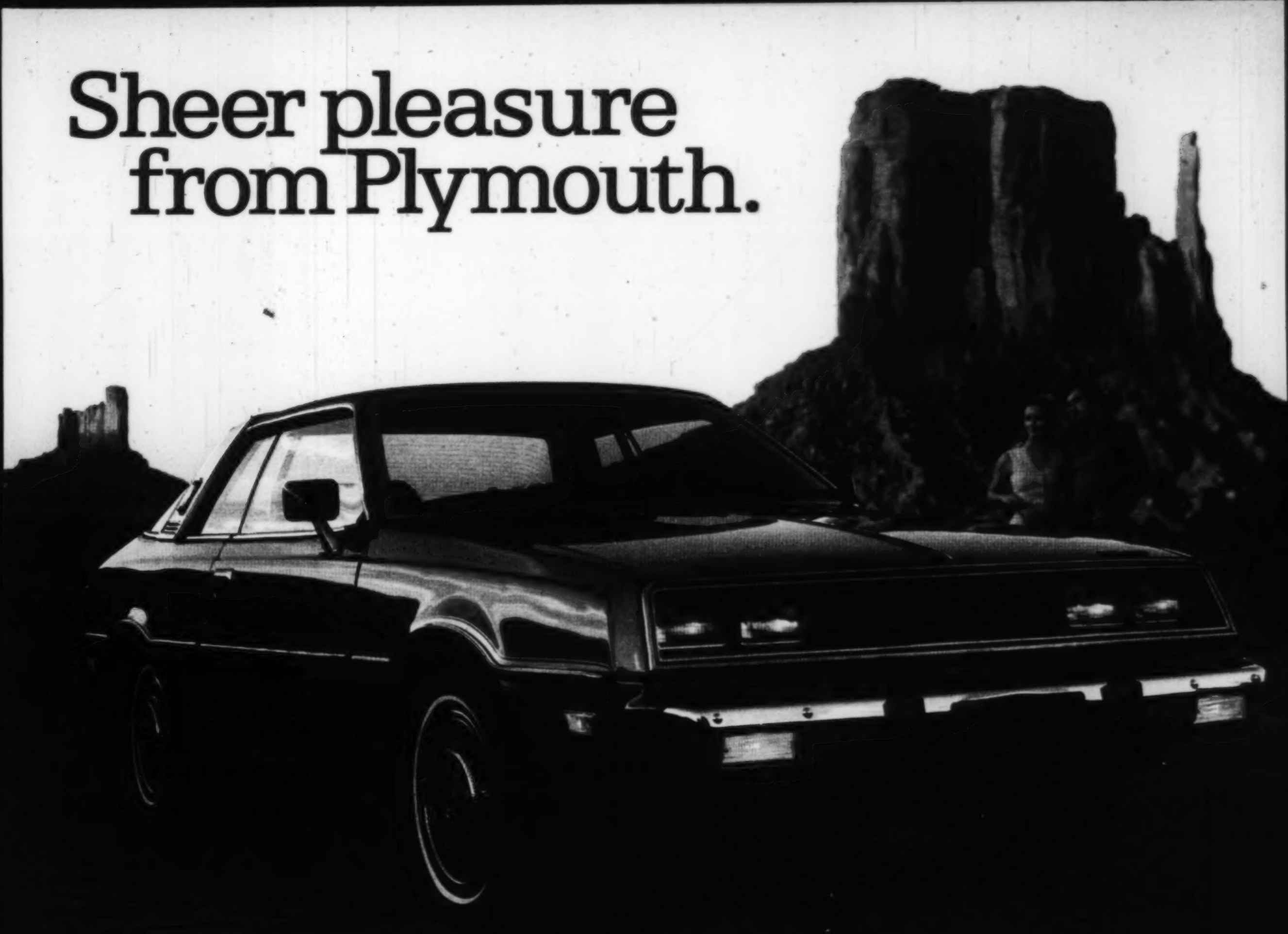
Afterward the Camp Winona contingent headed for dinner at one of Seabrook's large family seafood restaurants. Uncle Amory insisted on lobster for all. "Don't worry about it," he said. "This is compliments of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. I gave a talk there a few weeks ago. The check came yesterday." The three camp counselors kept looking across the dark marsh to the blinking red lights on Public Service Company's towering construction cranes, imagining what the proposed reactor might mean to the flat seaside landscape. Amory quietly concentrated on his lobster, giving the cranes only a quick glance. He really *does* believe the plant will not be built.

The first thing one realizes when listening to Amory Lovins is that he *is* a genius. Not an Einstein, not an originator, but an integrative genius who can consume facts and data and spew them out in intricate patterns of an energy future. He has steered clear of rhetoric, obtaining a profoundly subversive level of influence because, he says, "I have used the hard technologists' language, numbers and intellectual framework in a complete rebuttal of the values and conclusions."

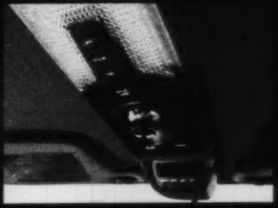
Schooled in the sciences from early childhood, Lovins' vocabulary and way of thinking emerges as a cross between a physicist's and a biologist's. Even his dinner table conversation is delivered in almost prosaic sentences containing compact ideas, and he frequently uses scientific or eco-talk that can take the listener completely by surprise. When asked, "Are you a vegetarian—to any degree?" he replied, "Not really, but I prefer relying on the good converters, such as pig." In a Washington traffic jam he remained unruffled, and shook his head, saying, "Terrible settlement patterns." At a dinner in New York with three Ford Foundation executives, one

Photograph by Lionel Delevingne

Sheer pleasure from Plymouth.



Sapporo



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of them curiously asked over dessert, "Do you think you can continue traveling at your present rate?" Lovins, who is single, had clearly thought this matter over and responded, "If I were to become domesticated, I would not do so much traveling."

Lovins' background reads like a caricature of the whiz kid. He was born in Washington and spent his earliest years in suburban Silver Spring, Maryland, the son of a man who made scientific and optical instruments, and a woman who retired from social work and editing for a few years to raise the children. Amory's first technical memories are of taking apart and reassembling clocks. He frequently says, "I was brought up as a normal, healthy techno-twit." The most significant event of his early life was the family's move to the countryside of South Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1960. Lovins recalled, "It wasn't really wilderness at all. But there were cows and rolling hills, and I'd never known that while living in the suburbs."

Former friends and teachers from Amherst Regional High School have vivid memories of the resident whiz kid, a scrawny guy with a huge Adam's apple, thick glasses and an ever-present weighty briefcase that swung wildly as he careened around the corridors. An old high school friend, John Gage, recalled that "the tough guys in the school used to plot how to get that briefcase from him. But Amory kept it locked and always managed to somehow dodge them." Lovins was—and still is—brilliant in a wide range of fields, from poetry to classical piano.

Amory's friends have a fondness for him that extends beyond a respect for his mind. John Gage's sister Meg explained, "He has never let his intelligence get in the way of friendship. It's like an autonomous product, a computer tucked in his pocket. In high school he won seven first awards in those international science fairs, but when Westinghouse—what an irony—offered him a free trip to Tokyo for the big convention, he turned it down because he had a part in the school production of *The Mikado*. When I saw him recently, he was still like that—even more so. The first thing he said when he came into our house for dinner was, 'Have you had your back cracked today?' And he went around cracking everybody's back. I think it'd be hard to find anyone quite so extending. People sometimes compare him to Woody Allen—I guess they have the same receding hairline, glasses and sort of goofy look with those hard black eyes. But Woody Allen is neurotic, and Amory is completely sane. Unbelievably so."

The whiz kid's college career was absurdly unconventional. In high school he had taken so many upper-level science courses at nearby Amherst College that, when he inquired about regular admission, they tactfully suggested he go elsewhere. After studying at Harvard for two years, he grew bored and transferred to Oxford. After two years there, working on a Ph.D. in experimental physics, Lovins was pushed up the ladder to a research post—the youngest don in Oxford's recorded history. Eventually he was given an honorary M.A. (Lovins' energy critics occasionally dismiss him because he does not have the big one, the Ph.D.)

When asked "Are you a vegetarian?" Lovins replied: "Not really, but I prefer relying on the good converters such as pig"

In 1970 Amory Lovins experienced a cathartic series of events that turned the would-be academic physicist into a barnstorming energycologist. While at Oxford, he had spent most of his spare time climbing in one of the British Isles' few remaining wild spots—the Eryri mountains of Wales. Lovins and a photographer friend, Philip Howell Evans, took the beginnings of a photo-essay series to *National Geographic* for possible publication. The editors said, "Very nice, but a little too atmospheric for us. Why not show it to Dave Brower, founder of Friends of the Earth?"

Few meetings could have been better timed. By 1970 Lovins was beginning to realize that "it wouldn't make much difference to anyone whether I solved the problems of the world in the laboratory. It was becoming difficult to see myself 20 years later as an academic physicist. I was willing to jump off and try something else." Only the year before, David Brower, the consummate and charismatic conservationist, and former president of the Sierra Club, had founded Friends of the Earth.

Brower had carried with him the Sierra Club tradition of exhibit format books, and Lovins and Evans' *Eryri: The Mountains of Longing* became one of FOE's first publications. Brower quickly evolved into something more than Lovins' publisher—he became his mentor, revealing ideas that went beyond what Lovins calls "the physicists' blind spots to complex, nonphysical systems." Perhaps the most important lesson Lovins learned from Brower was one of the first—that the environment, given its human enemies, does not take care of itself. In the spring of 1971, Lovins resigned his research fellowship at Oxford, moved to London and signed on as the British representative of Friends of the Earth.

Lovins' first issue at FOE was land-use and national park policy in England—specifically, blocking the Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation's plans for open-pit copper mining and estuary dredging in Lovins' beloved Eryri range. He immersed himself in the sort of environmental lobbying FOE representatives do around the world: writing, speaking, analyzing, broadcasting and testifying at levels that go from the grass roots to the prime ministerial. Lovins and FOE succeeded in stopping RTZ.

Under the FOE aegis, Lovins moved from the Eryri defense to mineral land-use planning law to resource policy in general, which led to energy policy. And, he says, "I did another couple of books"—*The Stockholm Conference: Only One Earth* was followed by *Red Alert: Openpit Mining*. During the 1973 energy crisis, Lovins wrote *World Energy Strategies*, first as a draft for the U.N., then as a book. In 1974, he says, "I spent some time putting together a semitechnical assessment of the nuclear situation for England's Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, which was doing a study of the nuclear fuel cycle. This was published in early 1975—along with analyses from John H. Price—as the book *Non-Nuclear Futures*."

Lovins' energy analysis hit an apex in October 1976, when *Foreign Affairs* published his 31-page essay, "Energy Strategy: The Road Not Taken?" As Lovins describes it, *Foreign Affairs* is "the sort of magazine where someone who wants to be secretary of state will have an overview of foreign policy published during a presidential campaign. I knew the audience I wanted to reach." His ideas were thus presented to the most sacrosanct realms of power, and the essay hit like a bonfire. Within a few months, it broke *Foreign Affairs*' record for reprint requests, previously held by the 1947 Cold War classic, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," George Kennan's "Mr. X" article.

Lovins' essay jettisoned him into the spotlight of energy debate. If influence can be measured by the vigor of one's enemies, consider this: *Electric Perspectives*, the trade journal of the utilities, devoted an entire issue to 11 critiques of Lovins' watershed essay.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait of the whiz kid is his thoroughness. The essay, and all his work, is not some casual display of ideology—critics like to dismiss him as "one of those 'Small is Beautiful' nuts." Yet everything he writes is backed up by a plethora of statistics. If you want to argue and win, don't go after Amory Lovins. His rebuttal to the *Electric Perspectives* critiques, amounting to 49 single-spaced pages of tightly worded argument, much of it statistical, was published along with many other

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One-Two Punch: Amory and Ralph teamed up at a New Jersey energy debate

rebuttals in a two-volume, 2,200-page record of Senate hearings on "Long Range Alternative Energy Strategies." Significantly, these hearings were held only a few months after the *Foreign Affairs* essay was published. Lovins was called as the principal witness. Dr. E. Linn Draper, Jr., director of the Nuclear Reactor Laboratory at the University of Texas at Austin, was cast as the token pro-nuclear spokesman. Most of the 2,200 pages of testimony revolve around Lovins, and a close reading indicates that he had done his homework far more thoroughly than have his critics. Young David, armed with a calculator, fends off the Goliaths of Energy.

The *Foreign Affairs* essay alone might well leave grounds for argument—it provides relatively little statistical backup, and scant information on particular soft technologies. But Lovins covered the first hole in a data-ridden paper delivered at Oak Ridge, Tennesee, in September 1976. Further information on alternative technologies and nuclear proliferation was published in his most recent book, *Soft Energy Paths: Toward A Durable Peace* (Friends of the Earth/Ballinger).

Since then, Amory Lovins' informal role of energy ambassador has given him a constant flow of input on alternative-technology developments around the world. There are now more than 30 groups in 15 countries doing soft-path studies, with Lovins providing a stimulus. Late last year, with a grant from the Levinson Foundation, the International Project for Soft Energy Paths (IPSEP) was set up in San Francisco as a clearinghouse for this copious information. With Lovins' help, IPSEP now publishes *Soft Energy Notes*, which goes out to 200 alternative-technology groups.

Perhaps Lovins' most revealing point—and the root of the soft path—is the feasibility of zero and even negative growth in energy consumption. That idea has been so exhaustively studied and documented that it rests as a *sine qua non* in environmental circles. Yet the vast majority of the public has never even heard of this possibility—it's been drowned out by the shrieks of "Energy crisis!" The hard path, which in some sense is an ideal situation for utilities, sees a growing reliance on electricity. But as Lovins frequently points out, "Some people feel that civilization in the U.S. would be inconceivable if we used, say, half as much electricity as we do now. Yet that is what we *did* use in 1963, when Americans were at least half as civilized as they are now."

If you want to win, don't go after Lovins. His rebuttal to a critique of his article amounted to 49 single-spaced pages

Though Lovins is remarkably soft spoken and even tempered, the scare tactics of utility public relations efforts can arouse him. On a recent visit to western Massachusetts, an old high school friend drew Lovins into a discussion about solar specifics. It grew apparent that the whiz kid's mind was elsewhere—his eyes were riveted to the far wall of the kitchen, where the Public Service Company's recent series of full-page ads were tacked up: "What Will It Be New Hampshire—Cooked Food or Raw Food? You Need Seabrook!" "If You Want to Continue to Bathe, Cook, Keep Warm and Turn on Lights, You Need Seabrook!" "What Will It Be New Hampshire? The Light That Lit, or the Light That Failed? You Need Seabrook!" Without a moment's hesitation, Lovins blurted, "They ought to be sued. Those are outright lies."

Lovins attacked this style of advertising in a letter last year to Carl Goldstein, president of the powerful Atomic Industrial Forum: "...If you're really confident you can win on the merits, try telling the whole truth and see what happens. When the history of the nuclear controversy comes to be written, those who killed nuclear technology will be seen to have been its most avid promoters, who systematically mistook hopes for facts, advocacy for analysis, commercial zeal for national interest, expertise for infallibility, engineering for politics, public relations for truth, and the people for fools."

Whether the vested interest in energy consumption is a conspiratorial avoidance of documented fact, or whether it is an inability to give up long-held value systems is hard to say. In California, where Lovins' work is widely known and manifested in Jerry Brown's energy programs, utility executives now consistently refuse to debate Lovins.

But in New Jersey, two less-enlightened utility chiefs recently appeared on a panel with Lovins and Ralph Nader. Amory, the first speaker, carefully explained the key concepts of energy efficiency and appropriate end-use. Energy efficiency means that through technical fixes and conservation, "we can double the amount of work wrung from each unit of energy by the end of this century and roughly double it again in the following two decades." Appropriate use means that "where we want to only create temperature differences of tens of degrees, we should meet the need with sources whose potential is tens or hundreds of degrees, not with a flame temperature of thousands or a nuclear reaction temperature equivalent to trillions. That is like cutting butter with a chainsaw.... If we applied energy in the right scale, we'd largely eliminate the costs and losses of conversion and distribution of energy." According to Lovins, converting primary energy—coal, petroleum, uranium, etc.—into gasoline and electricity, and then transporting it great distances means that "more than half of the energy would never get to the consumer. It would be lost as the fuel chain grew steadily less efficient. Whereas in a soft path, by matching supplies to end-use needs in scale and quality, we would squeeze out those losses and extract several times as much work from each unit..."

Lovins' Sermon was apparently not heard by the two New Jersey utility ex-

Photograph by Doug Magee

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Developed by Doctors at Boston Medical School

BURNS AWAY MORE FAT EACH 24 HOURS THAN IF YOU RAN 14 MILES A DAY!

INCREDIBLE "CRASH-LOSS" BREAKTHROUGH REPORTED IN LEADING AMERICAN MAGAZINES WORKS SO FAST YOU CAN ACTUALLY MEASURE THE DIFFERENCE IN YOUR WAISTLINE IN 24 TO 48 HOURS!

Yes, LOSE up to 6 POUNDS the first 48 HOURS — LOSE up to 12 POUNDS the first 7 days — LOSE up to 4, 5, even 7 POUNDS MORE the next 7 days — and continue to burn away as much as 7 to 9 pounds more fat every 2 weeks thereafter, (if you still need it) . . . until you've finally lost 50 — 70 — 100 pounds OR MORE . . . **without fasting, without constant willpower, without constant pangs of hunger or a single moment of body-racking exercise!**

Recommended by the U.S. Government's very own doctors to members of Congress who want to lose weight fast . . . Hailed as the weight-loss "breakthrough of the century" by leading medical journals . . . here at last is the most effective NO-DRUG program for FAST — INSTANT — PERMANENT LIFETIME WEIGHT-LOSS ever made available to the public without a prescription!

WORKS SO FAST THE FIRST WEEK ALONE YOU LOSE AS MUCH AS 1½ TO 2 POUNDS OF BOTH FLUID AND FAT EVERY 24 HOURS!

Direct from the pages of medical journals and leading American magazines come reports of an incredible "fat burning" breakthrough by medical researchers at one of Boston's foremost medical schools! Reports of a new "crash-loss" program (featuring a remarkable natural substance) that safely yet surely steps up FAT-BURNING METABOLISM . . . forces your system to ATTACK bulging pockets of fat . . . and starts to shrink and burn that fat in just a matter of hours!

Yes, from one of New England's leading medical centers comes the new SUPER FAT-BURNING way to turn up your "inner furnace" . . . unlock those clinging pockets of fat . . . break them down SO FAST . . . you burn off excess bulge at the unbelieveable rate of up to **6 POUNDS of both fluid and fat GONE the very first weekend alone!**

Think of it! You actually burn away more fat each 24 hours than if you ran 12 to 14 miles a day! Lose more inches each week than if you did 300 sit-ups each morning and 300 push-ups each night! Actually LOSE as much as A FULL SIZE THE FIRST 7 DAYS . . . **and from 3 to 5 inches off your waistline the very first month!**

That's right! Weight-loss results and inches-off wonders that absolutely stagger the imagination. Just look:

U.S. ARMY OFFICERS LOSE WEIGHT 3 TIMES FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

Case History #1: When medical researchers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles first tested this new hi-amino concept on a scientific weight-loss program . . . they reported astonishing results of as much as 12 POUNDS LOST IN JUST THE FIRST 7 DAYS! — 16 to 18 pounds gone by the end of week number two — and most mind-boggling of all — U.S. Army Officers actually losing weight 3 times faster than ever before! As much as 50 POUNDS GONE, like that!

WAISTLINES SHRINK UP TO 3 INCHES IN 7 DAYS — A FULL 5 INCHES SMALLER IN A SINGLE MONTH!

Case History #2: When first rumors of this medical breakthrough leaked out to professional actors, actresses and celebrities . . . they immediately rushed to the offices of America's leading weight-loss specialists to get their hands on this magic compound"; and no wonder! Because the first week alone they carved away as much as 2 pounds a day . . . 13 pounds a week . . . were forced to take in their belts 3 notches smaller in just 10 days!

DOCTORS REPORT: AVERAGE LOSS — 57 POUNDS!

Case History #3: But most significant of all . . . when universities, hospitals and medical schools, (such as New York's Leading Medical School and Cleveland's largest hospital) tested this newly discovered "crash-loss program" on patients who all their lives had been hopelessly overweight . . . they reported astonishing losses of as much as 2 pounds a day at the start . . . 20 to 30 pounds a month . . . as much as 70 pounds lost over a single summer season! — by simply stepping up their fat-burning metabolism and **burning, melting, oxidizing** 50, 70, 100 pounds of hard-set fat . . . FASTER, SURER than they had ever dreamed possible!

WORKS LIKE "POWDERED HEAT" — MAKES YOUR INNER FURNACE BREAK DOWN BODY FAT!

What is this wondrous new development that helps safely stimulate fat-burning metabolism and shrink your body's fat cells the moment it starts working in your system? It is a totally new concept in the war against fat. An ANTI-FAT WEAPON unlike anything you've ever seen, or tried in your life. A FAT-BURNING aid that helps you convert body fat to body fuel AUTOMATICALLY . . . and EVAPORATE excess pounds and inches starting the very first day!

Think of it! A medically proven formula that is such an effective reducing aid . . . that when combined with the food you eat on this "crash-loss" program . . . **burns off as much fat each 24 hours as if you jogged up to 14 miles a day . . . or played 3 hours of tennis in the most brutal heat!**

The name of this wondrous amino formula is "THERA-SLIM-100" and here is precisely how you use it to win the body and figure of your dreams as you:

LOSE UP TO 4 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE
LOSE UP TO 2 TO 5 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS
LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH

and as we've said before, starting not in weeks, but in mere days.

HELPS YOUR BODY CONVERT STORED UP FAT TO BURNED UP ENERGY! At this very moment — having read this far — you are but one short step away from LIFETIME IMMUNITY TO FAT! Now comes your FINAL GIANT STEP into a whole new world of LIFETIME SLIMNESS.

Of course, there is one thing you must keep in mind. With the "THERA-SLIM-100" way to LIFETIME SLIMNESS you cannot gorge yourself on all sorts of fattening foods, candies and desserts. Not that you'd ever want to, because with "THERA-SLIM-100" — due to your new, stepped up metabolism — besides enormous weight-loss you also experience a loss of hunger. Which makes it one of the easiest ways to lose weight fast. Now here's how simple it is:

STEP #1 — YOU EAT

In addition to the wide and tasty selection of food you enjoy morning and night, (all scientifically programmed to help maintain a high-level of FAT BURN-OFF) . . .

STEP #2 — YOU TAKE "THERA-SLIM-100" hi amino compound.

Once a day, you take "THERA-SLIM-100" in a glass of water, (just like refreshing fruit juice). This hi-amino intake helps keep the fat-burning chain-reaction going ALL 24 HOURS OF THE DAY — NON STOP!

STEP #3 — YOU HAVE AUTOMATICALLY STEPPED UP YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM — SO YOU AUTOMATICALLY BURN OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

In virtually no time at all, you make your inner furnace accelerate fat burn-off. Safely, gently, yet surely you cause a gradual change in your fat-burning metabolism as you "rev-up" that inner furnace.

The result: Your body begins to eliminate stored-up fat and fluid at a rate so incredibly fast, the very first weekend alone YOU DRAIN AWAY AS MUCH AS 5 OR 6 POUNDS!

In short, with the "THERA-SLIM-100" weight-loss program you force your body to automatically convert body fat to body fuel . . . automatically shrink fatty cells . . . drain off excess flab . . . flush it right out of your system ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Never before has medical science offered you a surer, faster, more effective weight-loss method, (short of total fasting) than this super fat-burning breakthrough development at one of Boston's Leading Medical Schools.

THE FACTS ARE IN! THE RESEARCH IS DONE! THE INCREDIBLE WEIGHT-SLASHING RESULTS HAVE BEEN PROVEN BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT BY MEDICAL SCHOOLS — HOSPITALS — DOCTORS — AND SCORES AND SCORES OF OVERWEIGHT PATIENTS! NOW THE FINAL STEP IS UP TO YOU!

REMEMBER: You must see dramatic results in just 24 hours — results you can measure with both your scale and your tape measure . . . you must lose:

up to 6 lbs. the first 48 hours
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up to 7 lbs. more the next 7 days

or it costs you nothing! Simply return within 10 days for full refund (except postage and handling, of course). Act now!

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However, before starting we advise you to consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it at all. As a matter of fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the "THERA-SLIM-100" road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far the most effective approach to the conquest of excess weight ever developed by medical science.

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Please rush me the offer I have checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price (except postage & handling, of course).

CHECK OFFER DESIRED:

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CHARGE IT: (check one) Exp. Date ________

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ecutives, because their speeches and rebuttals presented a rosy future of reliance on nuclear power by the end of the century, with a token injection of conservation and continued testing of solar possibilities. Appropriate end use, capital costs of nuclear power, energy efficiency and the existing viable soft technologies were not mentioned.

Lovins is frequently set up in debates, and he consistently overwhelms his opponents by speaking at a higher, multidimensional level of analysis. If opponents do attempt to challenge, Lovins will drown them with his statistical fluency. This happened recently during a debate with nuclear engineer Ian Forbes at the New York Bar Association. Forbes was so angered by Lovins' claims for solar costs and storage feasibility that he ran down to an overhead projector and, his hands and voice shaking with frustration, threw a chart of figures on the screen, a chronicle of maintenance and installation costs for a Massachusetts solar home. When Forbes finished his 10-minute tirade on solar pitfalls, Lovins calmly responded, "If I were going to build a solar home, that's the last way I would do it." In five minutes, he summarized the design problems of this specific house. Forbes fell into his own trap.

Though Amory Lovins is definitely influential, his Jeffersonian faith in understandable alternative technologies and decentralized democracy frequently runs up against the brick wall of vested interests. As Richard Berman, director of the New York State Alliance to Save Energy, explained, "People have very strong opinions in these matters, and even if they are willing to wade thoroughly through the documentation—which most aren't—they still have a hard time accepting his conclusions. People with certain interests simply don't change, so Amory can have an impact and raise consciousness, but it will be a long time before this really begins to happen. Think about Carter—Amory met with him, and look what *he's* doing!"

On the afternoon of October 18, 1977, Amory Lovins went to the White House for an Oval Office briefing with the President, Secretary of Energy Schlesinger, Carter's science adviser Frank Press, Stu Eizenstat, domestic policy chief, and Kitty Schirmer, Eizenstat's assistant on energy issues. "There was also a functionary running around the edges trying to remind Carter that we were running behind schedule," recalled Lovins.

There was no need to give the usual Sermon because, said Lovins, "Carter had read *Soft Energy Paths* and had the numbers down cold. He asked sharper questions about why things should be as I said than most of my critics have, and he knew what was important to ask. As our discussion proceeded he was relating concepts to his own experience in Georgia. When we were discussing utility finance, he immediately made the connection to some cash flow problems that a big utility had been having during his tenure."

Lovins remains relatively guarded about that meeting, as if Carter is a special ally and he doesn't want to lose ground gained in the Oval Office. He is, however, critical of the President's schizophrenic support of nuclear power. On Sun Day in Washington, as we edged by the White House in the nightmare of rush hour, Lovins issued an almost formal policy statement on the chief executive. "I think he's a sharp guy, has some good values, is honest, and I will continue to think that until I see some evidence to the contrary. I think he's getting some bad advice on many matters of energy. He should fire Schlesinger."

"I think Carter's getting some bad advice on matters of energy. He should fire Schlesinger"

Rumor had it that Carter just reread *Soft Energy Paths.* On Sun Day he gave a rather Lovins-esque speech at the Solar Energy Research Institute in Golden, Colorado. At a fundraiser that night for Senator Floyd Haskell (D-Col.), Carter said, "It is not exactly logical to have a nuclear reactor core developing millions of degrees of heat and temperature, heating a cooling agent to thousands of degrees, to be transported hundreds of miles to heat a house to 68 degrees. But that is what we do." The next night Carter told a press conference in Portland, Oregon, "Our national energy policy is to permit the planning, siting and construction of nuclear plants."

Is it conceivable that Carter, Schlesinger, and/or the financial sector will come to see nuclear power as simply demanding too much capital, as Lovins and many other environmentalists insist? The Czar of Energy came obliquely close to that vision on May 18 in testimony before a Senate subcommittee, at which time he asked for a speed-up in nuclear licensing procedures. He said nuclear power was "barely alive" as a future energy source, and "no longer a viable option for the majority of the nation's utilities." Schlesinger cited statistics on the decline in orders for nukes—since the beginning of 1975 there have been 9 orders and 23 cancellations. (In fact, the FOE publication *Not Man Apart* recently reported, since the beginning of 1975, there have been *12* orders and *34* cancellations.) Schlesinger could be nearly right for the wrong reasons; licensing speed-up would decrease inflationary costs lost during the waiting period, but the money involved is still large enough to detract from investment. Lovins says the "smart money" is staying away from nuclear power.

Lovins insists that "the soft path can largely implement itself, if allowed to show its obvious economic and social benefits. In market terms, that means desubsidizing conventional fuels and power—stop spending tens of billions annually in tax money to make hard technologies look cheaper than they are. That also means pricing depletable fuels at their cost of replacement, thereby forcing the market to alternative energy sources." Low-interest loans from large holders of capital would make the initially expensive energy savers, such as insulation and solar collectors, feasible for low-income people. Similar loan programs have been mandated in Oregon, California, and recently in New York State. In social terms, the soft path requires "clearing away institutional barriers, like out-of-date building and mortgage codes," says Lovins. In states where this problem has been tackled, such as California and Montana, alternative technologies are proliferating.

In a brilliant waltz of empiricism, Lovins has concocted an energy plan he believes will make everyone happy—from the White House to downtown Newark. With his faith in decentralized political pluralism, Lovins grandiosely claims, "The soft path has great political attractions because it can offer spontaneous advantages to almost every constituency and cuts through the ideological disputes that are now stalling energy policy. If you're an economic traditionalist, you put up your solar collector because it's cheaper than not doing it. If you're a worker, you do it because it gives you more and better jobs than building power stations. If you're a conservationist, you put up your solar collector because it's benign.... It's still the same collector. You don't have to agree about why you did it, or about price versus regulation, capitalism versus socialism. We can continue to reflect our own pluralism in the way our energy system evolves."

Is this blithe spirit simply naive, or is Lovins an accurate visionary? His faith in the democratic process is rare, but Lovins never claimed that the soft path would just happen without significant public pressure and participation. It is conceivable that he is more all-seeing than almost anyone in the field of energy, and if you are familiar with his ideas, it is possible to understand an area once reserved for politicians and the hard technologists. Amory Lovins has, at least, conquered the biggest institutional barrier—the mystique of energy.●

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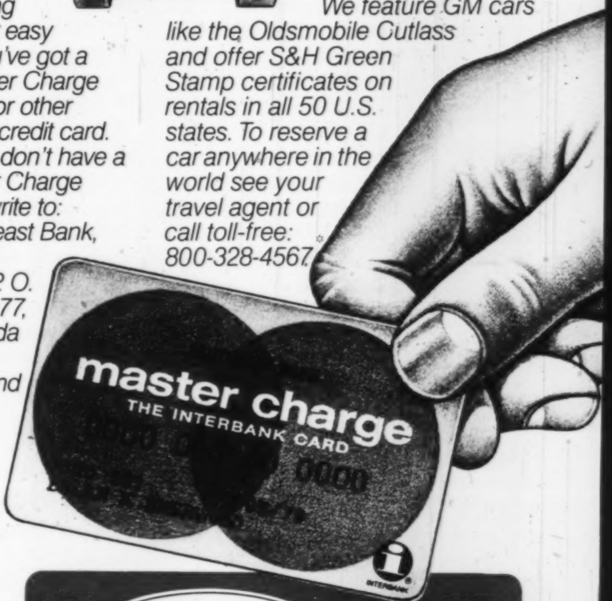

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THEY ONLY LAUGHED WHEN IT HURT

When Doug Kenney and Henry Beard started the *National Lampoon* in 1969, they were trying to extend their adolescence. Instead, the magazine aged them prematurely

by Thomas Carney

On March 18, 1975, Matty Simmons, chairman of the board of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc., and Len Mogel, president, paid $4.5 million of a total $7.5 million purchase price to Henry Beard, Douglas Kenney and Robert Hoffman for 20 percent of the outstanding common stock in National Lampoon, Inc. Remaining monies were to be disbursed over an 8-year period.

Henry Beard is tall and smokes a pipe, and for one period of his life wore nothing but turtleneck sweaters in such identically dark colors that they were probably the same sweater. "Whenever I wanted to know what was going on in India," Emily Prager, a former *Lampoon* writer, says, "I'd just go, 'Henry, what's going on in India?' and Henry would know. He always knew."

The day he got his check, Henry Beard cleaned out his desk and delivered a speech to the *Lampoon* editors and production people who had trooped in to say goodbye.

He was slamming his drawers, stuffing papers into a briefcase. "Working here has been like being in the Army. Worse than the Army." Nobody knew what to say. They stared at their hands and remembered things Henry had said about his year in the Reserves.

But Beard could hardly look at them, and he never finished cleaning out his desk. He finally just grabbed what he could and left and never came back.

Doug Kenney wears unrimmed glasses and keeps his blond hair either very long or very short. Once, as a joke, he got a reporter from the *Soho Weekly News* to describe him as "the handsomest man in humor." During the unpleasantness over the big payoff, he was also described as a "tub toy under sedation" by his close friend George Trow.

Three years have gone by, and the following *National Lampoon* people still do not speak to each other: Michael O'Donoghue and Henry Beard, George Trow and Beard, O'Donoghue and Sean Kelly, Tony Hendra and O'Donoghue, Hendra and Beard, O'Donoghue and P.J. O'Rourke. Not all of this has to do with money; some of it simply comes from working too long together on a humor magazine. All of it, however, is deeply felt.

The *Lampoon* itself has undergone a series of convulsive shudders that have left it deflated but draped comfortably over a specific market. It has become a *Mad* magazine for college kids. Tony Hendra, a former editor, tells of riding a subway and watching 15-year-olds roaring over the *Lampoon*. It was eerie, he says, to realize he was writing for an audience 20 years younger than himself. *Lampoon* circulation has dropped to 659,000 from a high of 1 million four years ago. Surveys place its readership at 24-year-old males, but the war-baby generation that produced and most specifically enjoyed the magazine has moved on to other things.

With reduced circulation, advertising has become more important. The anything-goes feeling that once dominated the magazine is gone. As Michael O'Donoghue puts it, "They've bent down for the soap for too many Japanese stereo producers."

There is also an exhaustion factor. Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra, who ran the magazine from 1975 until early this year, had been with the *Lampoon* almost since it began. P.J. O'Rourke, who runs it now, has been there only a few years less. Most of the brightest lights have moved on to new horizons, either apart from the magazine entirely or into other Twenty First Century projects.

But as for the *Lampoon* and all those people who don't talk to each other, there are plenty of other people who thought what they had there for a few years was really quite special. Now that it's gone, that seems even more so.

The *National Lampoon* was started with probably less money than any major magazine since World War II. For the first year it consisted of Douglas Kenney, Henry Beard, Rob Hoffman,

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Thomas Carney's first novel, Daylight Moon, *will be published next spring.*

HIGHLIGHTS IN LAMPOON HISTORY

by Gahan Wilson

1 The first edition of the NATIONAL LAMPOON was painted on the wall of a cave. Carbon dating of the caveman indicated he was between nineteen and twenty seven years old

an art director, a copy reader and a secretary stacked into a few small office rooms that Matty Simmons and Len Mogel could spare from their *Weight Watchers* magazine. There were contributors, of course, but there wasn't room for them to sit.

While they were at Harvard doing parodies of national magazines, Kenney, Beard and Hoffman had hooked up with Twenty First Century through a man named Harold Chamberlain at Independent News Co. Chamberlain sent Hoffman to see Len Mogel about selling some ads for their *Harvard Lampoon* parody of *Life* magazine. The parody lost $73,000. Kenney, Beard and Hoffman had to bail out the *Harvard Lampoon* with a *Time* parody a year later. This time around, Simmons and Mogel found them a printer, sold all their ads and started talking seriously about doing a national humor magazine. The idea had been proposed as a joke, but after the fifteenth time it came up, nobody thought it was a joke anymore.

The first issue of the *National Lampoon* (April 1970) sold more than 200,000 copies, probably because the *Harvard Lampoon* magazine parodies had been so popular that people thought this new *Lampoon* was just another one. It certainly looked like it had been put together by college kids.

Then the magazine took off. "There was never a point when Matty came in to pass out the cigars," says John Weidman, who went straight to the *Lampoon* from law school and eventually wrote the book for *Pacific Overtures*. "We got into the black after about eight issues, but who cared. Into the black, big deal. How were we supposed to know it takes most magazines two years?"

By the Porno issue of 1972, the *National Lampoon* had hit its stride, and from then until 1975 about one out of every three issues was excellent. It was often a question of giant peaks among dismal, dismal valleys, but the magazine had a flex and style to it that was unique.

"The fact that they were alone out there," says a current *Lampoon* writer, Danny Abelson, "was very much fed back into the momentum."

By the end of 1974, the magazine had published four anthologies, five paperbacks, an encyclopedia of humor and a high school yearbook. With the October 1974 issue, circulation went over 1 million. Every week the *National Lampoon Radio Hour* was being heard on over 500 radio stations in the U.S. and Canada. *Lemmings*, a *Lampoon* play, had been running for over a year at the Village Gate, and of the three *Lampoon* records, two had won Grammy nominations. Twenty First Century had built a recording studio in the building. *Lampoon* posters, T-shirts and other novelties were selling out their orders. With annual advertising revenues up from $150,000 to $2 million, the *Lampoon* was the fastest-growing major magazine in America.

But 1975 was bad-taste-in-the-mouth year. The *Lampoon* radio show was canceled. Circulation had dropped, ad revenues had stabilized, and the contract with Kenney, Beard and Hoffman had come due. By the end of the year most of the best people on the magazine had either left or were leaving.

Beard's violent departure and Kenney's decision to give writers George Trow and Michael O'Donoghue large sums of money out of his share of the pot were the final and most substantial contributions to the wells of bad blood that had been building up at the *Lampoon* for years. For the majority of the people who are not speaking to each other, this was when the silence started.

Being a humor magazine, the *National Lampoon* was not entirely a vale of

NATIONAL
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Illustrations by Gahan Wilson

tears. Much as the writers offended each other, they offended some of their readers even more. After one Religion issue, RCA, a *Lampoon* advertiser, got letters from the Vatican pointing out how much RCA stock it owned. Quite a bit, it seems, because with the swiftness of Jehovah, RCA pulled its ads out of the magazine. Then the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights got into the act, firing off letters to other *Lampoon* advertisers threatening to expose them as such unless they withdrew their support. Some of the advertisers stood up to the Legion, but many found it easier to fold their tents and creep away.

But it wasn't just Catholics who got indignant. Henry Beard and Chris Cerf did two articles called "Americans United to Beat the Dutch," parodies of the sort of hate-mail leaflet commonly circulated about more visible minorities. With their insidious cheeses, chocolates and beers, the Dutch, the authors felt, were becoming a threat to the American way of life. Unfortunately, this public-spirited message was not well received at Time/Life, where the ad director was Dutch. "You called my Queen a dike," he insisted, yanking Time/Life out of the *Lampoon*.

Needless to say, there were also lawsuits. The magazine ran a Volkswagen "ad" which proposed that if Ted Kennedy had been driving a Volkswagen, he'd be president today. The Volkswagen was floating. An exhausted assistant art director had forgotten to substitute a fake logo, however, so the ad was technically Volkswagen's. The company hit the *Lampoon* with an enormous suit, which was finally settled out of court when the *Lampoon* agreed to razor the whole ad out of thousands of copies of the magazine and promised not to parody any more Volkswagen ads. They never got a real one.

In January 1975, Doug Kenney and writer Chris Miller went on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow Show*. About three questions into the program, it became evident to Miller and Kenney that Tom Snyder had read his first issue of the *Lampoon* very hastily that afternoon. Kenney, who had prepared for his television debut by ingesting a very large amount of hashish, was disposed to be rather hostile, as became evident when Snyder asked the handsomest man in humor, "What do you think of yourself as, a satirist, a writer, a comedian."

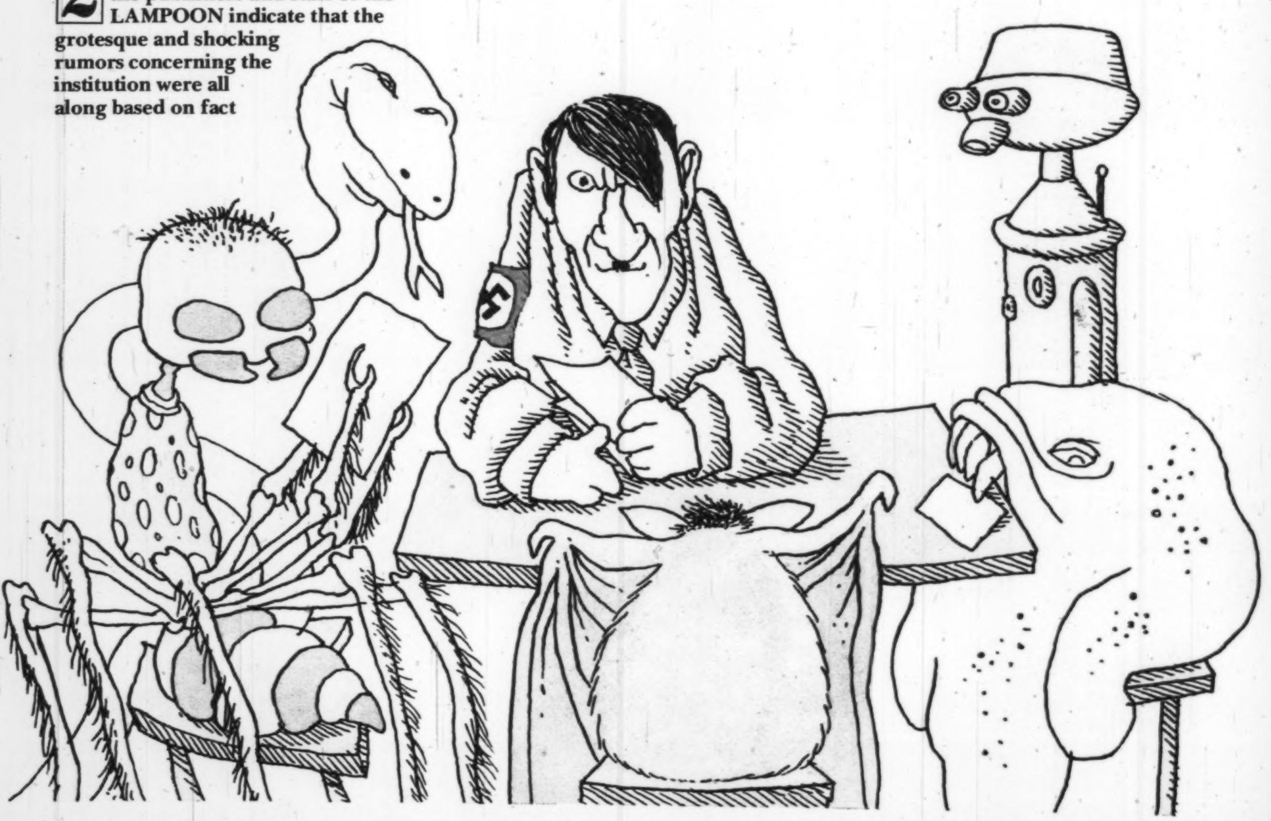
"Actually, none of those things, Tom. I think of myself as a cheap hustler. Just like you," Doug replied.

Snyder visibly recoiled and, at the end of the show, closed with this: "You have just heard from Doug Kenney and Chris Miller of the *National Lampoon*. That's a humor magazine, doing very well." There was a pause. "Maybe we can do something about that."

Doug Kenney gave a lecture one night at a publishing course Len Mogel taught at New York University. He began by claiming that he did not want to be a magazine editor at all—he wanted to be a rock and roll singer. To emphasize his point, he jumped up on a table and started singing. The kids loved it. This was what they had come to see, a *Lampoon* editor acting just as crazy as the magazine. Then Kenney got stage fright and jumped off the table and shut himself in a broom closet. Locked himself in, it turned out. When he finally came out, it was as a magazine editor, prepared to explain how the *Lampoon* was put together. The kids got out their notepads.

"We have 150 pages," Kenney began. "The masthead, well, that's one page. That leaves 149. But we have ads . . . 50 pages of ads, so that leaves 99 pages. I write . . . let's say, 30 pages. Then we just fill up the rest. 'Come on, Sean, 20 pages please.' That's

2 A recently uncovered picture of the publishers and staff of the LAMPOON indicate that the grotesque and shocking rumors concerning the institution were all along based on fact



it, that's how we do the magazine."
End of lecture.

Matty Simmons loved to nickel and dime. It was almost a hobby, an avocation, a thing he got joy out of—just as his writers got joy out of a well-wrought insult, a funny premise. Matty as "Daddy" controlled the purse strings and encouraged his "sons" to come into his office and misbehave for money, further confirming their status as children and his as patriarch.

"The only semblance of order comes in this room," Matty used to say, even after people stood on his coffee table and shouted for this, that or the other.

Michael O'Donoghue would go back to his office and knock over his file cabinets or smash his desk phone into pieces the size of dust motes. "It fell off my desk," he would explain when the telephone repairman arrived.

Henry Beard, who was never too comfortable about taking money for writing jokes, fought for his artists and writers from the start, trying to legitimize himself and them through money. But there was Matty cheaping out his people and his magazine at every turn. Bruce McCall wrote and drew a *Boy's Life* parody, which Doug Kenney thought should be printed on slightly smaller pages—boy-sized, in other words. When McCall got his check he discovered that Matty had not paid him the full-page rate. "But, Matty," he said, "I drew it on the same size paper. They just shrunk it."

"You don't want me to pay you for stuff you didn't do, do you?"

McCall, a core member of the magazine, was gone soon after, and he dined out on that story for a year, even though Matty finally paid him.

Matty was always trying to cut down on these expenses, opting for pulp when slick was called for, two color when it should have been four. Beard would have to march into the room from whence the only semblance of order came and back Matty into a corner. As Emily Prager says, "Matty loved the fact of all those guys being from Harvard, running around in his office asking him for money all the time. He thought they were cute." But he had a hard time grasping the concept of spuriousness, precisely the thing that made the magazine funny: Here was all this intelligence, money and time wasted on making things look like what they weren't, wasted simply on the making of jokes.

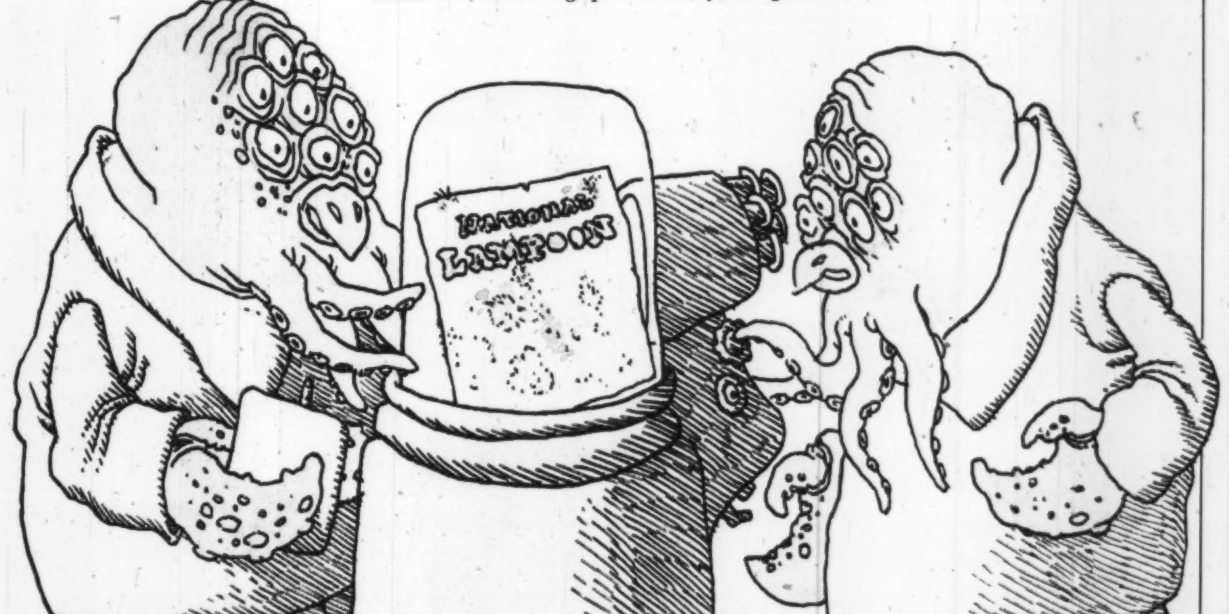
In fairness to Matty, though, it should be said that for a group of writers and artists who were such supposed babes in the money woods, everyone spent an inordinate amount of time wondering who was going to get what percentage of what. They all would have done it for love, they say now, complaining that Matty throttled the goose that laid the golden egg, but they also wanted cash up front and 10 percent of the gross. They were doing more things, they were more exhausted, and the love and crazy energy that had run around the office like tube lighting was getting dim.

"Matty, we need more people," they used to say. Issues, special issues, paperbacks, records, plays, radio shows—it was getting to be too much. With the radio show, an hour of funny stuff a week, and articles to write for the magazine on top of that, Michael O'Donoghue was too tired to even break a phone.

Almost immediately after the *National Lampoon* started in the late fall of 1969, feelers were put out for other young, funny men, specifically funny Harvard men. Kenney and Beard got in touch with Chris Cerf and Michael Frith, two former *Harvard Lampoon* people working in New York at Random House.

"All of us missed the *Lampoon* terri-

3 **A battered copy of the LAMPOON was the only artifact to survive the destruction of the planet Earth, and has produced huge amounts of futile and misleading speculation by intergalactic scientists**



bly," Cerf says now, "and we were desperately looking for a way to stay in college. I didn't think a national *Lampoon* would work, but I was immediately interested."

George W.S. Trow, Harvard '65 *Lampoon*, had come down to New York to work at the *New Yorker*. At Harvard, he had been Doug Kenney's mentor.

Trow had come out of the *Harvard Lampoon* with an instinct for style—its roots, at least, in Perelman. Michael O'Donoghue came out of nowhere, Rochester, New York. Devastating as a potato famine, with a good deal of Swift to his vision, O'Donoghue had written for the *Paris Review*. He was very much in touch with the beatnik, Artaud, Dadaist, Grove Press culture that Kenney and Beard, six years younger but for all intents and purposes in a different generation, had missed. "When I was growing up in Ohio," Kenney says, " I wrote stories about beatniks. I'd have them getting off the IRT at 68th and Bleecker and going into a coffee house.O'Donoghue had that stuff with authority."

Trow and O'Donoghue became the stylistic point men for the magazine, with O'Donoghue, ultimately, the creative conscience. Chris Cerf, a pleasant man who retains the unclouded enthusiasms of a child, contributed for years in varying degrees. Michael Frith dropped out soon after the beginning.

Next it was a question of the survivors of the 1946 Martian spaceship crash starting to find each other. Slowly, over the vast distances of consciousness and place, people who thought ladies with blue hair were funny were discovering other people who felt the same way. It was partly a generational phenomenon. The glut of war babies who had passed through the system like a whole sheep through a python were becoming aware that they were indeed different from what was ahead of them and from what was coming behind. But besides that, the simple prerogatives of the joke-making business were at work.

"In comedy it helps if you have three or four people who appear at the same time," Henry Beard says, "like Second City or Beyond the Fringe or the *New Yorker* group. Comedy requires peer support to establish standards, to manufacture a vision. It's synergistic—three or four people working together can do as much as ten working alone."

For a few years, the *National Lampoon*—more than any other magazine and maybe more than any other medium except rock—created a generational smugness and profited from it.

After the first eight issues of the *Lampoon*, Matty Simmons finally fired the art directors and hired a new one, Michael Gross, away from *Family Health*.

One of the few things that everyone then connected with the magazine can agree on is that Gross was the doctor who delivered the baby. He was the one who made the *Lampoon* into a magazine, because it was through him that ideas which had been strictly verbal began to get visual.

By now the magazine was sending signals. Michel Choquette, a Canadian, wrote a letter to the editor after his comedy act, the Times Square Two, had begun to decompose. The letter was so zany it was printed, and the first time Choquette showed his face in the office, he was asked to be a contributing editor. Through him began the Great Canadian Connection.

"Part of the trick of starting a humor magazine is spotting someone like McConnachie when he comes in the door. Six more secretaries, four more rubber plants, you start missing people like that"

For some reason, people in Canada are funny. The magazine has always sold well there, and at one point nearly a third of the staff was Canadian.

The first Canadian Choquette brought with him was Sean Kelly, an English professor in Montreal. Kelly had a formidable academic touch to go along with superb rhyming abilities.

Choquette also had a girlfriend, Anne Beatts, whom he started bringing to the *Lampoon* dinner meetings. ("I got into the *Lampoon* the same way Katherine the Great got into politics," Anne Beatts is fond of saying. "On my back.") From the start, a strong *Lampoon* chauvinism held that although women obviously were not funny, it was all right if they laughed. Beatts was determined to overthrow this notion. After several dinner meetings, she said something funny enough to be given the chance to write.

Next was Tony Hendra, not Canadian, but close. Hendra is English, an ex-monk who was at one time part of a two-man comedy team. His training was in television.

Bruce McCall, a Canadian who had worked at New York ad agencies for years, saw a copy of the *Lampoon* on a coffee table. Intrigued, he got in touch with Kenney, who put him in touch with Beard. McCall was older and more mature than the others at the magazine, and Beard received him with open arms.

Another ad man, Brian McConnachie, appeared courtesy of Benton & Bowles. McConnachie sent some cartoons to the *Lampoon* office that everyone agreed were among the worst ever drawn by a human. The ideas were brilliant, however, so McConnachie got a shot.

"Part of the trick of starting a humor magazine, if there is a trick," Beard says, "is spotting someone like McConnachie when he comes in the door. Six more secretaries, four more rubber plants, you start missing people like that."

Of all the *Lampoon* writers, McConnachie's gift is the most mysterious, like a draft in a closed room. His specialty is a sort of unhinged, querulous anger at things that don't exist.

Also from advertising came Chris Miller, who, with the possible exception of O'Donoghue, was the only card-carrying member of the counter culture at the *Lampoon*. While dropping out of Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Miller was writing stories every week for one of the many sex papers just beginning to appear in New York.

Along with John Weidman, Gerald Sussman and a few others, the Samurai had assembled. Everyone agreed they would only be there three years. Three years tops.

The *National Lampoon* was a tight group of people who ate, drank and were funny together, just like the *Harvard Lampoon*. "It was Doug, Henry, George and whichever one of Michael's personas that was Harvard that day," Kelly says bitterly.

There was a good deal of old boy-new boy hazing, Tony Hendra recalls, and the coin of the realm was the quip. That was how spurs were won, a complicated manhood proved out. "You really had to have your helmet on when you went up there," Miller says. "O'Donoghue would shoot a few bullets at my feet every time I came into the room."

At first it was all powered on the joy of mutual discovery. It was not love, though, but seduction that crackled back and forth among the club members. Each by each, they were seduced by humor, a point of view; and, inevitably, politics grew out of alliances, many of which were sexual.

In the clash of egos, the ceaseless one-upmanship, and the simple fact of being together too long, personal animosity began to inhibit the free flow of ideas. People began to take sides. As an endeavor that had depended so largely on group-work, what was sustaining and coherent about the *Lampoon* was soon gone.

"You have to remember," Emily Prager says, "emotionally, they were all about five years old. As soon as it got to boyfriend and girlfriend, it got right back to ninth grade. They were all so bright and directed and just so insanely immature. Every one of them must have been just crazy in high school. There was no quarter for anything that happened to you, nothing private. They never viewed each other in terms of their humanity, but they were happiest when they were together. It was like Totie Field's leg. They were all one-legged people who could make jokes about it."

Much of this brouhaha revolved around the *Lampoon* dinner meetings. There were a number of bars and restaurants where these meetings took place, but with all the heavy drinking, funny business and Carl the Creamer, none for too long. Carl the Creamer was a lidded cream pitcher that was fed table scraps by the editors. Carl also ate cigarette butts, place mats and sugar bags, and ended his meal by throwing up. It was often Carl's fault when checks were ripped in two and *Lampoon* people were asked to leave.

"The first year it was fun," Kenney says now. "Twelve issues, great. The second year, 12 more issues, that's okay. But then the third year, guess what? Twelve more issues, four specials, paperbacks and college tours. Unmentionable places, unspeakable hosts, I'm old. I thought I could make it three years the first time out. I made it two and a half."

On July 4, 1971, Kenney flew to California on the *Lampoon* American Express card. He came back. The following June, he went to Martha's Vineyard for a year, totally burned out.

"Kenney never had any respect for what he did," Mike Gross says. "He was a little bit like Marilyn Monroe. It was so easy he never saw it as a talent."

When he left the first time, Kenney left a letter behind telling Beard he would go "gonzo" if he stayed at the *Lampoon* any longer. Kenney's exit set the magazine on its ear, and that night everyone went to Beard's apartment and rallied around him. Henry was going to be the new editor of the *Lampoon*, and they all pledged their support. The Gonzo letter was left on the mantelpiece, and during the meeting, people slipped downstairs to read it.

For all the young, humorous Shelleys, it was probably the first intimation that things were going to end.

The *National Lampoon* was the first full-blown appearance of non-Jewish humor in years—not anti-Semitic, just non-Jewish. Its roots were WASP and Irish Catholic, with a weird strain of Canadian detachment. English eccentricity, a sort of soft librariness, a mild shriek, backed and braced by the wilder, blacker Irish strain of savagery, the whacking at totems, satire as a magical weapon, the ceaseless overturning of an established order. This was not Jewish street-smart humor as a defense mechanism; this was slash-and-burn stuff that alternated in pitch but moved very much on the offensive. It was always disrespect everything, mostly yourself, a sort of reverse deism. And there was something else: overeducation.

"We were probably the only people who took our college educations and really used them," Henry Beard says. "All that junk they crammed into our heads, the last reference before you dozed off in history class. We had everything up there from bubblegum cards to the Edict of Nantes."

The *Lampoon* did a piece entirely in German by Bruce McCall, a piece in Latin by Tony Hendra, and the perfect four-page parody of *Finnegan's Wake* by Sean Kelly. "There is nothing quite like getting away with pretending to understand something you don't," Kelly says. All this punning on useless knowledge. These were writers, a generation, punished by the printed word, and now they were striking back.

Parody was the key element of the *Lampoon*. O'Donoghue first and best understood that parody had to be exact to succeed, and it also had to be clean: no aerials on top of outhouses, no jokes on jokes.

"I ran into some guys from *Mad* once at a party," Michael Gross says, "and they had just seen a strip we did called Tarzan of the Cows. 'That was a great idea,' they said, 'but how come you didn't draw it funny?' They didn't un-

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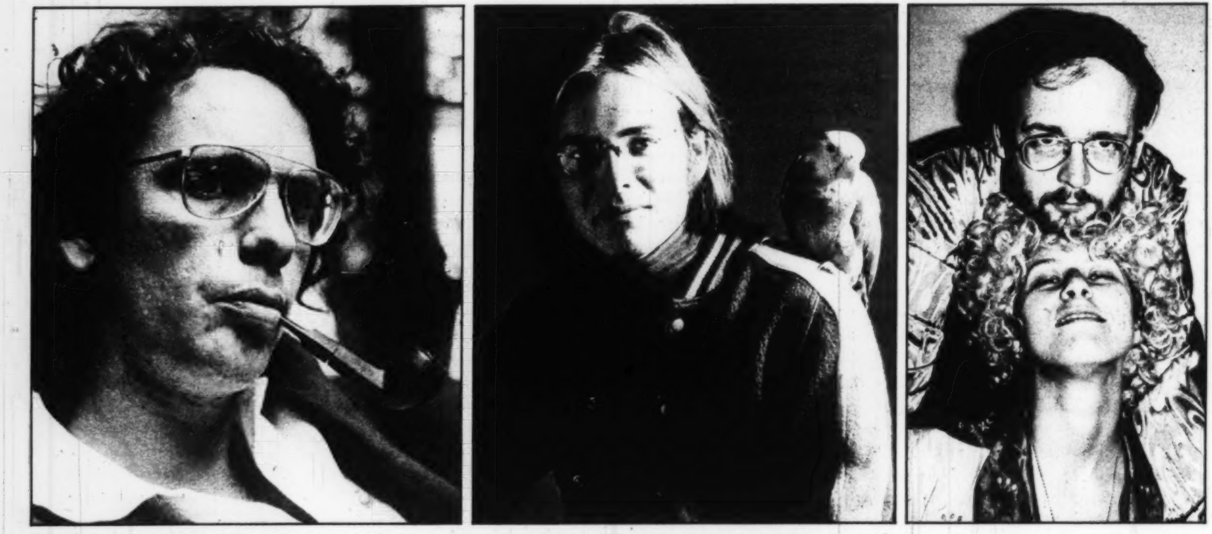

The First Generation: Henry Beard, Douglas Kenney, Michael O'Donoghue and Anne Beatts

derstand that Tarzan being dropped in the middle of Ohio was funnier if it *looked* like a regular Tarzan comic."

It was here, doing the parodies, that Gross proved invaluable, because he knew what these magazines looked like; he could ape the visual style so that once the jokes were thrown in, people were already disposed to laugh. In an age of failed revolution, it didn't matter so much what the funny lines were, but putting them next to real Salem ads made them funnier.

The *Lampoon* went crazy with parodies, until they started sending up magazines that didn't exist. *Guns and Sandwiches, Negligent Mother*, which, naturally, came out of McConnachie's *oeuvre*.

But there was another sort of rigor, and that was in the actual writing. Emily Prager says: "I'll never forget one time with Doug. I made a joke and he said, 'Jesus, that's terrible,' and I said, 'I didn't realize this was a business, I just make jokes for the fun of it.' I forgot, it *is* a business."

It was Kenney who used to insist on one joke per three sentences—if possible, more. Kenney himself had the rather perplexing ability to write in the exact style of whomever it was he had just read. "When I was in the eighth grade, I used to get marked either up or down for writing a paper on Huck Finn in the exact diction of Mark Twain. It was a little frightening."

Henry Beard, on the other hand, sat down and taught himself to write humor. As he says now: "I went to the University of the *Harvard Lampoon* for four years, which, at the time, seemed like a pretty ludicrous way to waste an education." Of all the *Lampoon* writers, he was by far the most consistent, never varying much below good, which was hardly true of anyone else. As copy editor Louise Gikow says, "There was no such thing as quality control at the *National Lampoon*." Writers simply wrote what they thought was funny, and if one other person on the magazine liked it, it went in.

"If something caught your interest," P.J. O'Rourke says, "you followed it."

O'Rourke came out of the master's program in creative writing at Johns Hopkins. Matty hired him as an assistant in 1972, and he moved from there into editorial. The *National Lampoon* yearbook idea was something that caught his interest. He and Kenney examined dozens of high school yearbooks from all over the country. "It was chilling to see how much they were all the same," Kenney says. "Bully, clown, intelligent introvert, politician, protohomosexual. It was Nazi social engineering. By weight of social pressure, people became these things."

Using students at the Columbia Grammar School in Manhattan, stopping classes, doing picture sessions on Saturdays, O'Rourke and Kenney got the yearbook done in six weeks. Matty Simmons woke up in the middle of the night with the cover idea: three cheerleaders, skirts flying, one of them without underpants.

C. Estes Kefauver Memorial High School, Dacron, Ohio. The 1964 *Kaleidoscope*, dedicated to John F. Kennedy. The high school yearbook was a coordinated mythology, an artifact that crossed some sort of interior finish line for the *Lampoon* and for a generation. It had a plaintive, endangered-species feeling to it: high school as World War II. *Harper's* magazine called it "a literary masterpiece. The best work of collective writing since the King James Bible." To Kenney and O'Rourke, it was not even funny—more sad and wistful. On the obligatory memorial page to a dead student, the picture is Kenney's.

On Easter Sunday that year, 1974, Anne Beatts came into the *Lampoon* office to meet O'Donoghue, then her boyfriend, and discovered that her desk was gone. It had only been moved, but no one knew that at the time.

O'Donoghue called Matty to ask about the desk, and Simmons blew up. "She's your girlfriend. If she doesn't like it, she can leave. If you don't like it, you can leave too."

"I'll have my stuff out in a week," O'Donoghue said quietly. At the time, he was making $50,000 a year, and Simmons was about to cut him into a buy-out deal on some new properties.

"O'Donoghue," Rob Hoffman says, "has the worst timing for his moves of anyone I ever saw."

In the spring of 1970, Matty Simmons renegotiated the contract with Kenney, Beard and Hoffman because he and Mogel had needed only half of the start-up money agreed to in the contract. To compensate Kenney, Beard and Hoffman for waiving the money clause, Matty knocked the buy-out multiple up to 24-26, with Beard and Kenney getting a 10 percent bonus. In 1971, the contract was renegotiated again, with the multiple going up to 29-31 and the bonus to 15 percent. In 1975, the last year of the contract, that bonus amounted to nearly $180,000.

"Hardly anybody reads contracts," Doug Kenney says. "I certainly don't. We lucked into something I don't even totally understand."

"I forgot about the contract," Beard says. "It was impossible to tell how it would work out. I think we realized that as long as the magazine was a success, some result, not entirely unpleasant, would occur."

Kenney felt guilty for his walk-abouts. Beard behaved differently. After the

Photographs L.to R.: The National Lampoon (2), Lynn Goldsmith

early years, the strain of putting out the magazine had fallen mainly on him, and he had begun to tire of crazy writers.

"Henry held the magazine together," Chris Cerf says. "He was patient, he was there, he was the only one talking to everyone when none of them were talking to each other. But he paid a terrible price. Underneath he was furious, and when he let go, boy did he let go."

Even people he was close to did not hear from Henry Beard for a long time after the payoff.

Doug Kenney bought himself a car and a house, which his parents now live in, and then was stuck. Writing parody seemed to have taken away his free will. Nothing was left. Kenney had gotten so cynical about the kind of people who buy a ranch or go to the Riviera that he couldn't do those things himself. He visited Walt Disney World.

By the middle of 1978, the *National Lampoon* was emerging from a long scorched-earth period and was showing signs of new growth; circulation was up slightly. In March 1977, Twenty First Century Communications brought out an illustrated fantasy magazine, *Heavy Metal*. In 1975 Matty had secured a $3 million loan from Independent News Service to make the buy-out payments. Amortization on the loan was now eating into profits, and Twenty First Century has moved into the red for the first time since 1970. *Heavy Metal*, however, has increased its circulation from 90,000 to 240,000, and Matty has signed a multi-picture producing deal with Universal Studios.

The *National Lampoon's Animal House*, a"fifties"frat house movie written by Kenney, Chris Miller and Harold Ramis, and starring, among others, John Belushi, just opened to generally good reviews. P.J. O'Rourke, who took over the magazine this January, has masterminded a Dacron, Ohio, newspaper parody with John Hughes, a new *Lampoon* contributing editor. It, too, has gotten good reviews.

Matty has finally hired some new people, and according to O'Rourke, there is a new professionalism at the magazine. Danny Abelson, Ellis Weiner, Ted Mann and Tod Carroll are all in the smart, overeducated, funny tradition, but they're a different generation—*Lampoon* writers now, instead of people who write for the *Lampoon*.

In the old days at the *Lampoon*, Emily Prager says, they used to wonder what would happen if one of them died. Could they be funny about it, would they have to grow up? If someone died, these new guys would definitely know how to act.

The *National Lampoon* shows signs of becoming a fixture. The people who work there don't take it as seriously as the people who started it, and the people who started it have almost all gone on to do well in other things.

John Weidman is writing a new musical and has yet to practice law.

Brian McConnachie is working on a feature film for Home Box Office, and this fall will be doing a play for the American Place Theatre.

Bruce McCall helped start a book-packaging company, and is doing free-lance magazine and advertising consulting work.

Emily Prager is writing books, magazine columns and articles.

George Trow is at the *New Yorker*.

Michael Gross moved from the *Lampoon* to *Esquire* and then to Mobil Oil. He is now an independent consultant, designing many of the *Lampoon*'s books.

Tony Hendra is now director of the film and television development division at Twenty First Century.

Sean Kelly is editor of *Heavy Metal*.

Anne Beatts was one of the editors of *Titters*, an anthology of women's humor. She is writing for *Saturday Night Live*, and was an editor of the *Saturday Night Live Book*.

Saturday Night Live clearly bears Michael O'Donoghue's stamp. O'Donoghue is producing a show for NBC, has a part in Woody Allen's next picture, and, with Chevy Chase wrote the comedy *Saturday Matinee*.

Doug Kenney had a small part in *Between the Lines* and a larger one in *Animal House*. He is writing screenplays in L.A.

In 1972, Henry Beard told a *New York Times* writer that the *Lampoon* owed its existence to an Army colonel at Harvard who threw him and Kenney out of ROTC. They avoided Vietnam and started a humor magazine. Four years later, however, Beard compared being at the *Lampoon* to having *been* in Vietnam. "I know it isn't the same," he says, "but there are parallels, and the returning vet is stuck with the same problem I have, which is trying to make a few weird years fit back into his life."

Beard shares an apartment looking out on Central Park with a writer and her young child. His turtlenecks are now different colors. In the best years of the magazine, he was a wonderful editor, seeing that his people were paid well and promptly for what they did. Throughout, he always had a tremendous desire to be liked. He slaved for both *Lampoons*, *Harvard* and *National*, churning out hundreds of pages and dealing with all sorts of impossible demands by all sorts of impossible people. But gradually he threw off his need to be liked, and celebrated that by doing something monumentally dislikeable. Of all of them, Beard was the most affected by his experience at the *Lampoon*. It passed a spiritual gallstone through his system, and he is now, as they say, a changed man. ●

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Shoot the Wounded And Save Yourself

Marshall Chapman talks like a truck driver and sings as if her survival depended on it. But her old sorority sisters swear she's "calmed down a lot"

by Blanche M. Boyd

Southerners will pull your leg for any number of reasons—maybe they have a secret they're keeping, or maybe they think you need stretching, or maybe they feel sorry for you and think you can't bear the truth, or maybe they just feel like doing it. Marshall Chapman is a Southerner and I am, too, so when I traveled to Memphis recently to interview her and hear her play (she actually lives in nearby Nashville), I kept wondering when she was pulling my leg. After all, her first album, *Me, I'm Feeling Free*, is almost entirely country, and her second album, *Jaded Virgin*, is almost entirely rock and roll. There are some contradictions showing. I went to Memphis wondering, what will she do next—some show tunes? An opera called *Happy Housewife*? But I left Memphis with no jokes. I left thinking that Marshall Chapman is a born rock and roller with country/southern roots and more talent than she knows what to do with. And she wasn't above, when it suited her, pulling my leg.

Take our exchange about her boots. Marshall performs in a T-shirt, white scarf and well-worn Levi's tucked tightly into wonderfully sleek, high Western boots. Polo boots, I said to her, but she said no in her most earnest voice. She said her boots were high like that for walking in tall grass and she simply prefers those high heels and she never played polo for real, anyway, but only on home-grown thoroughbreds. Later a friend of hers from college said to me, "Marshall's such a character. Look at her in those polo boots."

More than six-feet tall in whatever kind of boots they were, possessed of a man's first name, a rangy inborn elegance and an arresting androgynous voice (more about that later), and good-looking enough to be a movie star, Marshall Chapman is a pinball wizard, a tough-assed guitar player, a former sorority girl who spent her junior year in France, a Southern aristocrat and debutante, the first Woman Outlaw (Waylon Jennings has said, "Marshall's a good ole' boy. She can come on the bus"), a gifted songwriter, and an Elvis freak. She is tough enough to swear imaginatively at an audience or deck her boyfriend in an argument, and she's vulnerable enough to have been crying on a street corner last Christmas Eve when she and the band were in Los Angeles rehearsing *Jaded Virgin*. "All of a sudden I just didn't know what I was doing there. I'd never been away from my family at Christmas." That's a guileless and charming admission from someone 29 years old. Country/pop singer Emmylou Harris and her husband, Brian Aherne, took the homesick Marshall and her band home with them and cooked a turkey dinner. "I hardly even knew her," Marshall said, impressed by such good-heartedness.

"Don't talk about my family," Marshall told me, "talk about my music"; but persona matters a lot in rock and roll, and Marshall's persona is firmly linked to her family. For four generations, the Chapman family has controlled Inman Mills in Spartanburg, South Carolina. For four generations they have sat in the same pew of the same Presbyterian church. Marshall's grandmother, Martha Marshall Chapman, to whom (along with Amelia Earhart) Marshall dedicated her first album, led one of those mythically privileged Southern lives with a chauffeur and a cook, and spent her afternoons snipping roses for the dinner table. Marshall's father is a church elder, an important figure in the South Carolina Republican Party, and he stays at the prestigious University Club when he's in New York. Marshall has said about her mother, "She could run the CIA—she knows everything."

Marshall, growing up in this staid, wealthy environment, developed a love for rock and roll that was inappropriate from its beginning. She discovered Elvis Presley when he made his historic appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in 1956 (she was seven years old), and was sent home for the day from her grammar school for performing "Too Much" in the hall. In "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls?" she sings:

. . . .I'd seen Elvis Presley . . . And I
was runnin' 'round singing the blues
And I remember the words my mama said
when I asked her
for them blue suede shoes
she said to me:
*Why can't you be like other girls?**

A tomboy. A daddy's girl. And a stubborn identification with Elvis' brand of sexually electrifying rock and roll. Marshall Chapman didn't swoon over Elvis. She wanted to *be* Elvis.

"I could always do things as well as boys, ever since I was little. Like playing football before you get tits. I mean, I was *great*. At basketball, at field hockey. . . ." In junior high school she was even encouraged to try out for the boys' basketball team. She wasn't trying to imitate boys, necessarily. "It's just what I did because, what was the choice? To sit inside and play paper dolls? Roll up my hair and talk about boyfriends? That's bullshit."

Then came puberty. "Once you reached a certain age, boys could do everything and were encouraged about it and girls . . . all of a sudden there were just restraints, like the clothing you wear, everything, harnessing you. . . . Everybody talks about it. It's

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Blanche Boyd is a novelist whose most recent book, Mourning the Death of Magic, *was published last summer. Sometimes she plays the drums.*

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Photograph by Bill King for CBS Records

terrible. It makes you crazy." Marshall went into what she describes as "a long sleep" after puberty. "Like for 10 years." But she held on to her interest in music, jamming with a Spartanburg black blues band.

Then there were the summers she spent hanging out at the beach at Pawley's Island. I know and love those South Carolina beaches—Myrtle, Ocean Drive, Folly, Edisto—where the pavilions hang out over the water and the surf is a steady roar behind the music of the jukeboxes, and the records on the jukeboxes are rarely changed. If you went there now you could probably still hear Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs, the Drifters, Gene Vincent, the Coasters. . . . When Marshall Chapman says she's doing "beach punk rock," she isn't talking about the Beach Boys. She's injecting a sensibility into her music that is as distinctly Southern as elaborate fraternity initiations and drinking bourbon out of paper cups.

Marshall went to college at Vanderbilt because it was in Nashville and was academically respectable enough to suit her family. Skipping college would have been unthinkable to them, and Marshall was still trying to balance pleasing them against her real needs and interests. An old sorority sister told me a lot about what she was like then. She was notorious for having translated "Hound Dog" into French. And despite her "long sleep," she was still obsessed with music. According to college friends, when Martin Luther King was murdered and tanks were rolling through Nashville, Marshall hitched right down Main Street to her jam session. I thought that one over. I guess it's as good a white response as any.

The sorority sister gave me several pictures of Marshall from her college years: concrete evidence of the side of herself Marshall has gotten rid of. They could be used, with current photographs, as illustrations for "Before and After Liberation," the way wimpy and super-muscular men are used in Charles Atlas ads. I asked Marshall's old friend, who still has that immaculately groomed and well-bred look, how Marshall had changed. "Well, Marshall was always *rough*. I think she has calmed down *a lot*."

Since Marshall had greeted this old friend by saying, "I'm gonna write the alumnae magazine that I saw you at a party layin' in a corner with your skirt up over your face," I wondered aloud what she meant."I don't know. She just seems happier."

Maybe I did know what she meant. Part of Marshall Chapman's presence has to do with the fact that she sings as if her survival depends on it. I don't mean that she plays to an audience. In recent performances she had a veiled, bleak look, an aloneness that is fascinating.

"Marshall's a good ole' boy," Waylon Jennings once said. "She can come on the bus"

What I mean is that she sings as if music were oxygen and offstage there was no air at all. "I don't feel like I make any sense except when we're on stage. I'm all right as long as I'm moving."

Me, I'm Feeling Free, could have been called "Me, I'm Feeling Trapped by My Family and Libido." The album shows her confusion about her family and her personal life while it attempts to establish her musical roots. "Somewhere South of Macon," the opening cut, is straight-up country in its lyrics, and tells the story of a girl in a calico dress leaving home on a Greyhound bus. With its references to moonshine, beans and bacon, and lines like "Papa worked the night shift, Mama worked day," Marshall was spitting out that silver spoon in her mouth. The song is arranged with an urgent heartbeat bass line that evokes those Myrtle Beach summers. It was released as a country single but soon disappeared from the air, supposedly because of the lines, "I first made love in a cotton mill/Somewhere south of Macon."

Marshall's love songs on this album demonstrate her ability to work purely within the country medium. She writes clean, touching lyrics that show few traces of sentimentality, and the viewpoint is female without being feminine: "Next Time" deals with sexual encounters that fall between love and one-night stands. An indication of the quality of Marshall's country tunes is the fact that other singers are recording them. Crystal Gayle and Jessi Colter have both recorded "A Woman's Heart (Is a Handy Place to Be)," and others have been recorded by Olivia Newton-John, the Earl Scruggs' Revue and Tompall Glaser.

There is a formal, composed quality to Marshall Chapman's country songs that reminds me of an apprentice poet writing sonnets as exercises, or of her translating "Hound Dog" into French. I asked her what she'd been trying to do with these tunes. She misunderstood my question and said, "Horny, I guess. Trying to get laid in Nashville. Wanted some place to park my car." I asked her again. "That was when I first started writing songs, you know? And there was like a formula, a certain way to write . . . verse, chorus, verse, chorus, tag. Rock and roll is much more stream of consciousness."

Marshall still performs the only rock-and-roll cut from the first album, "Rode Hard and Put Up Wet," which begins at a gallop and ends in a lathered blur. In between are some pretty raunchy lyrics:

Lord knows last night was a night I'll never forget
I can't remember what happened but it must've been the best one yet
Now I feel like I been rode hard and put up wet.‡

Marshall claims she didn't realize the suggestiveness of these lyrics when she wrote them and that the song is only about honky-tonking in Nashville and being drunk enough to wake up the next morning on her front lawn, and that the metaphor is only about riding horses. But it's unlikely that she achieved such wickedness by accident. She's too clever with lyrics, and, like I said, Southerners will pull your leg.

The quality of Marshall Chapman's voice is more apparent on this early album than it is on the otherwise superior *Jaded Virgin*. She has a hoarse, intense voice that sounds like Lauren Bacall with a heavy Southern accent. (When Marshall says "thank you" it comes out "tha-ink yew," and "here" comes out "hair.") Her voice is without vibrato, without that pulsing, overtoned quality singers usually have. Consequently, she sings right on top of a note, giving a dramatic, cutting quality to her voice. On the first album, which Marshall says has a "I'm-kinda-lost-but-I'm-still-sensitive" edge, she sounds moving and plaintive. On *Jaded Virgin* she's more detached, more involved with the music itself, and her voice sounds as bleakly lonely on this album as it was personal on the first.

"I expect to get *blistered* by the critics for *Jaded Virgin*," Marshall told me. "They're gonna think I'm trying to imitate men." And it's true she's in a classic trap for women. Her musical roots are Elvis, that Carolina beach music, and an acquired but serious love for country and Nashville. Even in country she's been influenced by Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson more than by women. Why shouldn't she deal with her influences? To say she's imitating men is like saying Elvis was copying black singers. There's some truth to the insight, but it's beside the point.

"In Nashville they're not going to know what to make of this album," she said, although she seemed to feel more relaxed about that than she did about critics. As we listened to her spacey, laid-back, six-minute version of Johnny Cash's "I Walk the Line," Marshall explained she wanted the high-voiced male background vocals to sound like the Jordanaires. She said she put the love song "Just Because You Asked Me To" on the album so she wouldn't have to leave town. "They should release it as a single," she joked. "By Marsha Mallow."

Jaded Virgin contains some good Chapman rockers, including "The Is-

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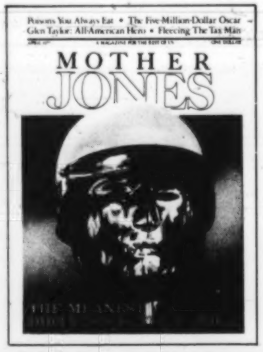
Meet Mother Jones.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land Song" and "I Forgot to Put the Music On." And "A Thank-you Note (Thank-you, Hank)," which she co-wrote with her lover, the eccentric, talented former rock critic Dave Hickey, is a moving tribute to Hank Williams, "a thank-you note/for the songs you wrote/ From a girl in a downtown bar." The song is also an indictment of music's grotesque deification of this tragic star: "It's the life you lived/not the death you died/that keeps me rocking on."

Of Marshall's best songs, only the brilliant, ironic "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls" is included in *Jaded Virgin*. Marshall refused to record "Don't Make Me Pregnant," her producer, Al Kooper, vetoed "Running Out in the Night," and "Going to Hell to Get It Back" was written too late.

The recording of *Jaded Virgin* was punctuated by battles between Marshall and Kooper. At one point Marshall flew to New York to demand that her voice be put back on the hook of "Other Girls." Once she put blankets up in the studio so she couldn't see Kooper while she did vocals.

During our conversation, Marshall seemed unhappy about *Jaded Virgin* and bitter about working with Kooper. Having seen her perform, I think it's true that the album does not really represent her. However, Kooper's somewhat gimmicky production is often interesting and probably commercial.

I asked her how *Jaded Virgin* got its name. "It was Hickey's idea," she said. "It just seemed right." Since virgin is a word that originally meant unmarried woman (as opposed to having one's hymen intact), I suggested I could see her point of view. And maybe she got jaded "trying to get laid in Nashville."

"I don't care if I ever get laid again," Marshall said. "I really don't. Or paid. It's easy to get laid, and it's easy to get paid. Being famous is easy too. But being great is hard. This is the straightest I've been with you. I know how good I am, how good I can be. If I didn't do it on this album, I'll do it on the next, or the next after that. It's just a matter of holding on to myself, of protecting myself. It's frightening."

I don't know whether Marshall Chapman will turn out to be "great" as a rock and roller. She doesn't have full control of what she's doing yet, but she does have that aura, that energy field that makes the phrase "star quality" float to the surface of your mind and stick

She sings as if music were oxygen and off-stage there was no air at all

One afternoon Marshall and two members of the band and I drove out to Graceland, Elvis Presley's estate. In the car, Willis Bailey, the drummer, joked, "I'm going to get a T-shirt that says *Exploit Elvis Now*." Willis and the three other members of the band are from Fort Worth, Texas. They've known each other all their lives; and even if they're young (mid-twenties) and still developing, they have a rapport that comes from some of them having played together since the age of 14.

I asked Marshall why she hadn't recorded any of Elvis' tunes. She winced. "Bad taste."

We got to Graceland too late to get inside, but we went to the Elvis souvenir store across the street. I bought a copy of Elvis' will for two dollars and received a free facsimile of his last driver's license. Marshall was bummed-out at not getting in. "I guess it's something I should do by myself, anyway," she said. "If I get up early enough tomorrow."

Graceland is not the only mausoleum in Memphis. Beale Street is boarded up and deserted, and Martin Luther King's ghost has turned the whole city into a kind of grave. In Memphis, the television commercials are for Pounce, to kill those bugs on your cotton, and Klean Krop is for results you can afford. In Memphis, the Chicks baseball team is on a losing streak, and I saw three kids who had been strumming guitars for a dreadful number of hours to get into the Guinness Book of World Records. In Memphis, I found myself eating raw oysters and drinking white wine for breakfast. Despite King's murder, the air in Memphis is so clean it gives everything a washed, naive look.

Saturday night Marshall was playing Solomon Alfred's, a club where the Memphis singles set hangs out. The young-white-and-divorced natives were cruising each other in drawling, friendly accents, some sitting at tables eating dinner, others standing bunched around the bar. Sprinkled through the crowd were sailors from a Navy base nearby, distinguished by their clipped accents and shorter hair.

A group of Marshall's college friends had showed up unexpectedly, and Marshall was playing hot and loose for them. Her moves on stage have an almost involuntarily sexual quality. Later she said to me, "I can't *help* moving that way. I swear, I've tried to stand still on stage. It's just so fucking natural. I don't even think. I lose consciousness for whole sets sometimes. I just *got* it, right in here." She gestured to her center.

Tonight, soaked with sweat and grinning at her friends, she still has that bleak quality, as if she were, despite the audience, alone with the band. "This song is for women who went through puberty before the pill," she says, and jumps into "Don't Make Me Pregnant," a raunchy, hilarious rocker that I could feel that beach music in. "Don't Make Me Pregnant" would probably be a hit single, but, to the dismay of her record company, Marshall won't record it. "I don't want to get known for that song. Let me get known for something else." But tonight her old friends seem to get special pleasure from lines like "I don't want to have a baby/I just want to have a ball," and "I'm the girl/they said would be/Homecoming queen."

I was starting to dance in my seat, so I moved to the back of the room to stand by the railing in front of the bar. The couple at the table in front of me were gazing at each other with dazed lust over the debris of their dinners. The boy was balding, young, and a mustache accented his underslung jaw. His girlfriend was fat. There were rolls of fat on her back, squished upward by her bra strap, under her red T-shirt, and her boyfriend fondled the top roll while they both stomped their feet to Marshall's next number, "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls?"

Why can't you be like other girls?
Sittin' by the phone by the pool
Why can't you be like other girls?
Doin' what we tell you to
Why can't you be like other girls
*Do you wanna make me look like a fool?**

Expectations of women. A lot of women in music and in almost every other field have been trying to break out of the restrictions that are part of the female inheritance. In rock and roll, Patti Smith is one performer who's broken the mold, although she doesn't seem to have taken her woman identity with her. By contrast, many of Marshall Chapman's songs are not only about being a woman, their energy is *at* women. I don't mean she's a woman's singer, I mean she has located herself. *Who ever told you you could be you?* Watching her work the too-small stage at Solomon Alfred's in her feline, lanky way, I thought, here's this female outlaw swingin' that Telecaster guitar, stompin' around in them polo boots, and, honey, about expectations of women, she's kicking the fucking door down.

The boy standing beside me put his hand on my arm. "Are you here looking for a partner?" he asked.

"Nope." He seemed so shy and formal I added, "I'm the bartender's girlfriend."

My hand was slapping the railing, and neither foot would hold still. The boy was from the Navy crowd. Conservative, young. "Did you ever hear a woman sing like that?" I asked.

The boy looked from me to the stage and back to me. Then he did that twice more. "You mean that's a woman?" he said. ●

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Movies/by Richard Corliss

HOLLYWOOD AND VINYL

Summer 1957. Rock and roll is here for sure. Not to stay—everybody knows it can't last—but, for the moment, the Silent Generation is getting energized by solid sound, and strange-looking Southern boys are pounding out blue-suede rockabilly like "Gotta Lot of Living to Do," "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and "That'll Be the Day." (The beat travels trans-Atlantic: Two Liverpool teenagers, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, pick it up and play it in public, as the Nurk Twins; and the Gibb brothers, barely out of nursery school, perform it on the stage of the Gaumont Theatre in Manchester.) The music's power was evident—but who could predict the staying power? Who knew this stuff was seminal? And who knew that, within two years, Elvis would be in the Army, Jerry Lee Lewis would be blacklisted for marrying his 13-year-old third cousin, and Buddy Holly would be dead?

Summer 1967. Rock, peace and love. In a few years these words would be trivialized into Sammy Davis handsignals, but for one summer they meant something more. Haight-Ashbury, the Monterey International Pop Festival, "Let's Get Together" and, above all, the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. In an understatement typical of the new rock criticism, Langdon Winner wrote: "The closest Western Civilization has come to unity since the Congress of Vienna in 1815 was the week *Sgt. Pepper* was released." That same summer, a Beatlesque quintet called the Bee Gees (Brothers Gibb) released their first album in America.

Summer 1978. Maybe anyone who has grown up with rock and roll is too close (in time) and too far away (in age) to find much interest or excitement in this summer's popular music. Maybe you have to be 13, right now, to get much vicarious voltage out of Top 40 radio; maybe you have to be an Appalachian housewife to find any meaning in a Loretta Lynn–Conway Twitty plaint like "You're the Reason Our Kids Are Ugly." The pop music of the sixties created an audience too sophisticated (or maybe just too old) to appreciate the pop music of the seventies. But it's beside the point for middle-aged rockers and rock critics to dismiss, say, the disco incarnation of the Bee Gees—beside the point because their music is popular. And today's teenager has as much right to be moved (out of his seat and onto the dance floor) by the Bee Gees as the survivors of the fifties had to break into a smile, a shuffle or a cold sweat with early rock and roll.

By traditional rock standards, the current music is distinguished by quantity (records sold, money made; cf. *Saturday Night Fever*) rather than by quality. And the same goes for the last few months' glut of rock movies. Like the music itself, the rock movie is a trend that peaks (and piques) every decade or so: 1955-57, the first wave of teen-problem pics and guest-star exploitation films; 1964-67, the British invasion (*A Hard Day's Night, Having a Wild Weekend, Privilege*); and now, the deluge. Our tendency is to see the old movies as we hear the old music: with affection, scholarship and nostalgia—in other words, condescendingly. Everything was simpler back then (wasn't it?), and simplicity, even simplemindedness, has its charms. We forget the entrepreneurial calculation, the sloppy execution, the fatuous moralizing—everything that turns us off from the current products of Hollywood and Vinyl.

The new rock movies cover, among them, just about every aspect of the record business, in realistic, comic, documentary or fantasy form: performers (*The Buddy Holly Story, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, The Last Waltz*), disc jockeys (*American Hot Wax, FM*), rabid fans (*I Wanna Hold Your Hand*), crazy teenagers (*Grease*), disco dancers (*Thank God It's Friday*). *Saturday Night Fever*, the original disco movie, took much of its strident urgency from the music; but it makes more contemporary sense than any of its successors because the John Travolta character and his story were infused with that urgency. Travolta and the movie dared to be R-rated gritty, sexy, dangerous—perhaps because it was essentially a *Mean Streets* rough buddy film with background music, perhaps because nobody sensed how huge the movie's potential was. Its failure was that it finally went too far, became too melodramatic. But the failure of all the other movies is that they don't go far enough in mining what must be called the revolutionary threat of rock and roll. All the new movies are rated PG. Kid stuff.

Which is exactly what most of these movies are trying to be—songs of innocence, not songs of experience. And when they're about times past which themselves look innocent, the songs can sound sweet indeed. That's the appeal of **The Buddy Holly Story**. This biography of the first rock star to wear glasses is not only faithful to the spirit of the late fifties (if not to the letter of the *real* Buddy Holly story) but also to the strange spirit of late-fifties Hollywood movies. In fact, it's fair to say that *Buddy Holly* is the best and truest fifties film made in the last 18 years. It's eerie. The movie strikes emotional chords that seemed authentic in the fifties, and then corny in the sixties, and now are so anachronistic they seem quaintly honorable. Example: Buddy is provoked to violence twice in the movie—when slurs are made against blacks and Puerto Ricans. The movie has built Buddy up as such a strong, talented, pure, nice guy that we can believe it happened; but we *know* it happened to Rock Hudson in *Giant* (1956), when a beefy redneck said bad things about his half-Mexican grandson, and Rock sprang to his defense, and the diner jukebox played "The Yellow Rose of Texas."

Whenever screenwriter Robert Gitler and director Steve Rash take liberty with the facts of Holly's life, it's done to give us a simplified, romanticized VistaVision of the fifties. Well, all right. We don't need a docu-drama of a life whose most extraordinary "event" everybody knows about: Holly's death in a plane crash that also took the lives of Ritchie Valens and The Big Bopper. So it hardly matters that Alan Freed, the D.J. credited with coining the term "rock-and-roll," was in New York (not Cleveland) when the movie starts; or that 3-D had vanished from the movie screens by 1957 (Buddy at a 3-D movie, with the cellophane glasses slipped over his own specs, makes for a funny scene); or even that by 1956 rock and roll was no longer a musical eccentricity associated only with blacks, but had entered the vital mainstream of popular music. The film's makers aren't distorting history, they're honoring conventions—and contributing to the development of a low-keyed myth by reviving the traditions of assembly-line Hollywood, the dominant myth maker of our century.

The model (as critics Dave Marsh and Stephen Harvey have pointed out) is *The Glenn Miller Story*, a 1954 movie about a pop musician who wore glasses, had some trouble convincing people they should record "this music in my head," was supported by a true-love wife, and died in a plane crash. But *Buddy Holly* isn't a museum-piece movie; it's a likeable revival, a reincarnation of the period, just as Gary Busey's performance in the title role is a shamanistic blend of innovation and reincarnation. It may not be factual, but it's true. The vitality and promise of early rock and roll are there: when Buddy's group switches from country to rock during a skating-rink gig, and the place suddenly comes alive with screaming, jitterbugging Buddy-maniacs, and cars are drawn as if by magnetic magic to the rink; or when the group appears before a suspicious all-black audience, and before long wins the crowd over, has them literally dancing in the aisles. The whole enterprise flirts with the insipid and meretricious, but it's so guilelessly at one with its subject, that you're likely to be won over.

Holly, with his unique, quintessentially teenage voice that sounds as if he'd just inhaled some helium and was in the process of hiccuping it out, represented the clean, idealistic, angelic side of rock and roll. The times I saw him on television, he looked pleased enough to be singing his songs, but never much at ease as a rock performer. He wasn't cute or sexy; he just happened to be the guy who composed and played these wonderful songs. Busey, in a posthumous gift to Holly, turns this consummate studio musician into a galvanizing performer, doing the Chuck Berry duckwalk, commanding the stage with some of Jerry Lee Lewis' backwoods wildness, getting high on the music, raving on. It will be interesting to see if the movie's fidelity to the fifties makes it a hit—and if Busey's immersion in, and re-creation of, Buddy Holly makes this engaging actor a late-seventies star.

One definition of rock and roll is: the music your parents hate. That changed with the Beatles. They and their music were perceived as cute; their energy was felt as benign. *That* perception changed, too, became ambiguous, ironic, even debased by the summer of 1967 and *Sgt. Pepper*. But first impressions die hard, in the mind of a mogul like Robert Stigwood—a millionaire version of your parents, for whom he made the movie **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band**. The Beatles are still cute to Stigwood, and their music is one more catalogue of popular songs for Hollywood to turn into a comedy pastiche, like *Singin' in the Rain* or *The Band Wagon*.

Lennon and McCartney were so often called the long-haired heirs to Porter and Coward that it's surprising someone didn't have the idea, back then, to make a book-musical out of their hits. Or maybe someone did have the idea, considered it for a moment, and realized that rock appeals to a totally different movie constituency than does the old-fashioned musical fantasy. Maybe Stigwood thought his *Sgt. Pepper* could appeal to both audiences; in fact, it's likely to alienate both. Rockers will gag on the film's day-glo whimsy, and their parents will flee from the noise. *Sgt. Pepper* may turn out to be the *At Long Last Love* of rock movies.

Still, I confess I find the idea intriguing. There's some playful inventiveness at work here: in the challenge (to writer Henry Edwards) to devise a narrative that leads in and out of 27 Beatle songs (10 from the *Sgt. Pepper* album, 12 from *Abbey Road*, and five others) and yet contains no spoken dialogue; in the matching of names from the songs (like Maxwell Edison, of Silver Hammer fame) with a motley of rock singers and comic actors (like Steve Martin); and, most of all, in the spectacular, comic-book-Oz sets designed by Brian Eatwell. The movie is a feast for the educated eye, even if it's a famine for the rockophile's ear and sensibility. The whole cheerful, dumb idea might have been more appropriate a decade ago, for a movie based on Donovan's flower-child ballads. It just happens to grate with the Beatles.

Not Fade Away: Gary Busey (Buddy Holly) and George Burns (Mr. Kite) rave on

Donovan makes a brief appearance as one of 72 guest singers of the *Sgt. Pepper* finale. It's based on the original album's famous cover—except that, in the place of such luminaries as Fred Astaire, Edgar Allan Poe, Lenny Bruce, Lawrence of Arabia, Tom Mix and Bob Dylan we get the likes of Carol Channing, Monte Rock III and Cousin Bruce Morrow. You'll recall that the album cover presented Lennon, McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr in their Sgt. Pepper uniforms, standing at the grave of the Beatles, with Madame Tussaud's waxed effigies of the Fab Four at one side and, sticking out of the cemetery ground, a bust of . . . well, it looks a lot like Mick Jagger. The movie *Sgt. Pepper* takes its cue from this: Long live the Beatles (in whatever form), down with the Rolling Stones. Pop rock is sweet and good; blues rock is eee-vil.

Paul McCartney, iconographically the softest, cutest Beatle, expressed his wholesomeness through a wink and a nod; Mick Jagger's leer, and those labia-like lips, spoke of simultaneous revolution and decadence. In the movie, McCartney is played by his blond, all-American (and far less talented) clone, Peter Frampton; and Jagger by Aerosmith's Steven Tyler. The trope is extended to sweet (soft) Beatle songs as representing the rural, utopian asexual verities, and hard (loud) songs as representing urban, capitalistic decay—so that, at bottom, *Sgt. Pepper* is an anti-rock rock movie. Through it all march the Bee Gees, who by now have come close to eclipsing the Beatles as the money champs of rock and roll.

The only two recent rock movies to make it big—*Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*—may have played on rock's past, but they starred a genuine contemporary presence, John Travolta, and featured contemporary hit songs. It's hard to know whether today's movie audience will go for two new movies that honor, or exploit, rock history. If teenagers know Buddy Holly, it's as the fellow who wrote all those Linda Ronstadt songs. And the Beatles? Remember how one teenybopper identified them to a *Time* reporter a couple of years ago? "Oh yeah, they're the group Paul McCartney was with before Wings." ●

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

APPLE UNZIPPED

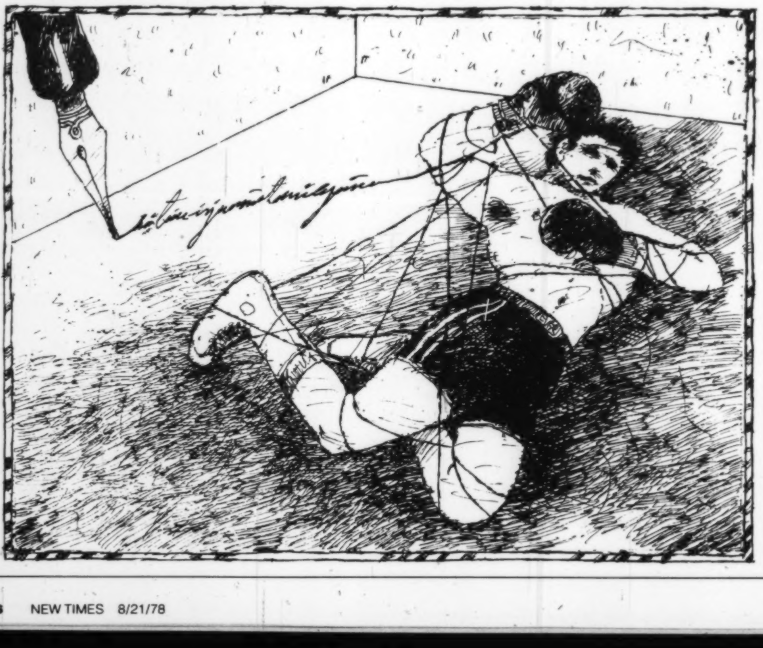
Zip: A Novel of the Left and the Right
by Max Apple.
Viking (183 pp., $8.95).

There is a kind of Jewish-American novel—a running monologue of wisecracks—so cute it could squeak. The narrator is usually brash and cocky, the Lenny Bruce of the drive-ins. There's a Jewish mother, a grandmother from the Old Country, a liberal seasoning of Yiddishisms, a junk dealer, an encounter with hostile blacks. . . . But the signature of the kind of novel you and I have so often read, *Zip's* kind of novel, is a reference somewhere to Hank Greenberg, "the great Jewish slugger."

Max Apple's first novel is a kind of homage, to Bruce Jay Friedman, Philip Roth, Mordecai Richler, Wallace Markfield, Bernard Malamud, half a dozen others. That's the Jewish part of the homage. It's also a resurrection of the corpse of Black Humor, an extravaganza, arbitrary, a forced coupling of unlike elements in unlikely scenes, a nod to Pynchon, Tom Robbins, Heller. *Zip* climaxes with a middleweight fight in Havana between a Puerto Rican Marxist managed by the Jewish-American narrator (stepson of a junk dealer and himself a buyer of used batteries and seller of lead) and the man who beats him up. J. Edgar Hoover watches this fight suspended from a basket above the ring. There are cameo appearances by Tom Hayden, Jane Fonda, Howard Cosell, John Dillinger's girlfriend, and Dean Rusk. The book's bizarre congruities are merely willed, just as the Puerto Rican fighter is named Goldstein "on a whim."

Just as Apple strong-arms circumstances to suit his whim, so does he force language into unlikely combinations. Of the fighter's technique: "A swift combination is as instinctive to him as reaching for a handkerchief during the pollen season is to a hay fever sufferer." And what are the laws of physics pitted against the whimsical requirements of black humor? "An extra set of false teeth floats in a gold-rimmed Solomon Iron and Steel glass." Everything goes on too long in this short fiction, is too gross, too overwrought, too extreme. So it is inevitable that Jesús' stepfather is not merely big, he must be gross, a Marxist organizer who is shot dead before the boy's eyes wearing size 56 bib overalls.

Apple is a self-conscious stylist, a look-at-me writer; he plays for a laugh and a shock, putting his chips on the old twisteroos, but his language frequently lacks the zip it aspires to display, pumping itself up with Dutch courage only to stumble and fall. The narrator, Ira Goldstein, can't decide on a voice, or Apple can't decide for him. Sometimes his idiom has sheen, as in his description of a leftist college girl's wall posters and facial expression: "She smiles but her look is fierce, as if the atrocities upon the wall had been performed upon her parents, yesterday." But more often his prose seizes up, and the stilted *upon* in the previous sentence is a symptom of its uncertainty. Like the dustjacket come-on ("So what's a nice Jewish boy like Ira Goldstein doing managing a flashy Puerto Rican middleweight named Jesús? . . . How is Ira's skeptical grandmother going to cope with a boxer in the house who is also a Communist? And what, for toppers, is J. Edgar Hoover doing in a chair suspended over a boxing ring in Havana, Cuba?"). Ira trades in rhetorical questions: "How did I spot your native intelligence, your ambition, your confidence—the smoldering hate which for so long lay within you?" The prissy formality of the final phrase stops the sentence cold. What's the point?



The book is a puzzle. Apple can write so much better than this, and does, for a couple of pages, when Ira quotes from the ghost-written autobiography of the fighter he once managed (and betrayed to the FBI as a Communist, setting in motion the kidnapping of J. Edgar Hoover and his transportation to Cuba). For a moment the book sings, but then it resumes its familiar, soporific, mechanistic drone.

Apple has done much, much better. His story collection, *The Oranging of America* (1976), has some supple, imaginative, inventive short fictions. One of them, "Understanding Alvarado," is set in Cuba, and uses for a brief appearance Kid Gavilan and his legendary bolo punch, a primary source for *Zip*. The stories never linger excessively, or exhaust. They are lightweights but quick, and they please. They have wit, a reason to be. The best of them, "Inside Norman Mailer," is wonderfully mean and funny. Its conceit is apt and sharply observed, rendered almost entirely through action that is at once fantastical and plausible, a prizefight between Mailer and a narrator meant to resemble Apple. Even this story has a grammatical confusion in its first sentence, but it has a great virtue too: zip. *Zip*, by contrast, is a sweaty, exhausted clinch, time on the ropes, the slow unwinding of a warm-up match rather than a main event. ●

Illustration by Henrik Drescher

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Foregone, But Not Forgotten/by Bill Nack

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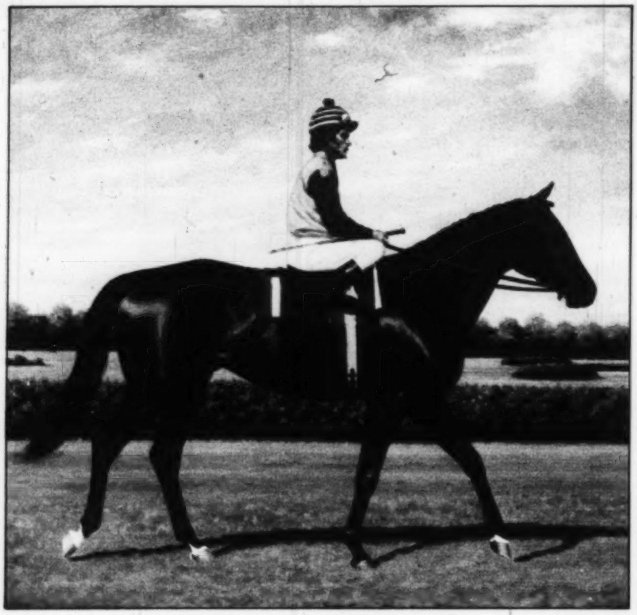

From a painting by Richard Stone Reeves

As Forego walked onto the racetrack, his neck arched and his ears played incessantly to the sounds around him, as if bowing to the salute that seemed to build with every step he took. Heliodoro Gustines, wearing the black and yellow silks of the Lazy F Ranch, stood in the stirrups, riding to the rhythm of the rocking-horse gait. The crowd, 10 deep, lined the apron along the homestretch fence, calling to horse and jockey as they passed. "You're the champ, Forego," yelled a man who was standing at the mouth of the tunnel leading onto the track. The fans draped their arms over the railing, weeping and waving "Forego, We Love You!" signs in tribute.

It was an occasion, all right, a kind of one-horse old-timers' day, and the eight-year-old gelding looked properly resplendent for it, even regal in the way he carried himself. His black mane and tail were picked clean and brushed to a lustre. His walnut coat shone iridescent in the sun. He strode from the tunnel, walked the length of the stretch, with applause rippling along the way, then turned and galloped back to the winner's circle for a brief ceremony, one that was five years in the making.

That midafternoon at Belmont Park was Forego Day, his final appearance on any racetrack—a last bow on the bridle path where he had made his deepest imprint on the sport, in front of horseplayers who had witnessed and gloried in his performances and who had come to call him their own. Forego, as the late Joe Palmer had said of the stretch-running Stymie many years before, was common folk. Such was his enduring appeal, the source of the affection in which he was held. He had won, as common folk, a following as true to him as any equine athlete ever won in this sport.

He was perhaps the finest handicap horse that modern racing ever produced, a three-time Horse of the Year. Forego was not a beauty in the classic sense that most great racehorses are. His ears were loppy, his head was long and plain, and he was almost too big—a physical giant, really, 68 inches from the ground to the top of his back; in composition he seemed as angular as he was tall.

But none of this detracted from his performance—or his ability to dominate one generation after another while lugging high weights at high speeds over all distances, from the fastest sprints to the most testing routes, from three-quarters of a mile to two full miles. He was an incredibly strong animal, physically powerful but surprisingly light on his feet, a natural athlete. The more races he won, the more weight he was assigned to slow him down. Twenty times he carried at least 132 pounds, a burden that most horses are never asked to try, and he won 10 of them, including the mile-and-a-quarter Marlboro Cup, with 137 pounds, when he ran down the gifted Honest Pleasure to win by a head.

More, he was plagued his entire career by bad heels. Under the weights assigned to him, chips split away from his left front ankle bone, and chronic inflammation swelled it to three times its normal size. In favoring that soreness, his right hind leg filled periodically with fluid. His right front ankle suffered the same infirmity, though not in so advanced a form. In the end, he suffered a partial dislocation of his left front pastern joint, and with that, and under high weight, he struggled to break the world purse record in his final Suburban Handicap on July 4. He came home next to last, and finished with earnings of $1,938,957—second only to Kelso's $1,977,896—and 34 victories in 57 starts.

The crowds at the Suburban cheered him warmly in defeat, as they had cheered him for five years in victory. He represented, on one level, more than a racehorse and a trip to the cashier's window. Even the hardest-bitten horseplayers saw in Forego something of their own struggles against adversity, something of themselves. There was an unadulterated purity about the horse, a giving that was pure because it required no reward, no questions asked, utterly free of legerdemain and subterfuge. In a time of hold-outs and contract disputes, of players playing out options in a marketplace gone bonkers with self-indulgence, in a world of sports shot through with avarice, there was this magnificent old cripple yielding to nothing but the weight on his back, the pain in his legs.

So they said farewell, waving signs he could not read and shouting words he could not understand, in a tribute that honored them all. ●

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20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

17 mg'' tar,'' 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.